

KELOWNA COURIER

AND OKANAGAN ORCHARDIST.

VOLUME 2.

THURSDAY, JULY 19, 1906

NUMBER 50.

Okanagan Fruit and Land Co. Ltd.

F. R. E. DeHart, Manager.

How about a Building Lot
on Glenn Ave., or a 5 or 10
acre Lot with or without trees.

THE BIG STORE

TIME IS UP

These goods cannot linger longer. Look the prices
over carefully.

Ladies' Blouses,		A Snap in Boys' Suits.	
Regular	\$3.25 for \$2.25	Small sizes.	
"	2.75 " 1.75	Regular	\$5.50 for \$3.25
"	2.50 " 1.65	"	4.00 " 2.75
"	2.00 " 1.40	"	3.25 " 2.00
"	1.75 " 1.25	"	3.00 " 1.90
"	1.50 " 1.00	"	2.75 " 1.75
"	1.25 " .90	"	2.50 " 1.65
"	.75 " .50	"	1.50 " 1.00
Wash Collars, regular	50c for 35c	"	1.75 " 1.25
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33¹/₃ per cent. discount on all Muslins, Ginghams, Cambrics, Printed Organdies and Crashes.

Our Remnant Counter is loaded with Short Ends of Ribbons, Laces, Embroideries, Dress Goods, Muslins, Towellings, Prints, etc.

Ladies' Summer Hats and Caps, all new stock. Regular 1.00 for 65c. Regular 90c for 60c. Regular 75c for 50c.

We are stocking no other lines of corsets but D. & A. Odd pairs of other makes, including Crompton's, your choice at 75c per pair.

Lequime Bros. & Co'y.

PHONE NO. 22.

CITY WATERWORKS.

Some time ago we promised to publish for the benefit of our readers the schemes suggested for a city water supply by the Canadian Fairbanks Company, of Vancouver. Lack of space has hitherto prevented us using the material placed at our disposal by the city clerk, but we now submit extracts from the Company's letter, and would ask our readers to consider whether it would not have been better to have installed a water system costing anywhere up to \$10,000, and producing a revenue from users of domestic water supply as well as giving fire protection, rather than to spend \$5,000 on a portable fire-engine and accessories, which will produce no revenue whatsoever and be of service for fire-fighting only.

VANCOUVER, B. C.,
June 6th, 1906.

H. W. RAYMER ESQ.,
Mayor of City of Kelowna,
Kelowna, B. C.

DEAR SIR:—

We submit you figures covering three different propositions for pumping plants such as the writer discussed with you while in Kelowna a short time ago.

Number one proposition covers a 20 H. P. gasoline pumping engine with a capacity of 300 gallons per minute. The pump is to pump direct into a 41,540 gallon capacity tank, which is to be mounted on a 96 ft. steel tower within the City limits.

Number two proposition covers a similar equipment with the exception that the tank is to be installed on the hill at Mr. Stirling's ranch, which we understand is about 60 ft. above the city main street level. This tank will be mounted on a 56 ft. steel tower and the pressure at the hydrants from this tank would be practically the same as that from the pressure installed on the 96 ft. tower.

Number three proposition covers the same tank, the same tower and also the same pumping plant, but this tank is to be installed in the city on a 56 ft. steel tower, but in as much as the head from this tank would not be sufficient for fire protection purposes, it would have to be so arranged that the main would be cut off at the tank and the pump would supply the hose lines direct.

A tank of this capacity and mounted at this elevation would give very good satisfaction for domestic purposes, and you would have sufficient head to give good results with garden hose and also to force the water to the top floor of the highest buildings in the City.

PROPOSITION NUMBER ONE.

We propose to install a reservoir tank 20 ft. deep by 20 ft. dia. with a capacity of 41,540 U. S. gallons. The tank to be built of 3 in. pine staves, which are to be properly finished and fitted and already to assemble. The material would be furnished complete with the necessary staves, hoops, dowels and lugs. There will be a frost proof roof of neat design and such as shown in cut herewith. There will be one 20 ft. water indicator as shown in cut and at the base of the tank a balcony platform running com-

pletely around the outside of the tank. Upon this balcony there will be a neat railing such as shown in cut. We propose to mount this tank on a steel sub-structure (tower) 96 ft. high, the sub-structure to be of the four post type, and to be supplied in sections and ready to bolt together. There will be a ladder running from the ground to the landing, and all material supplied will be properly painted.

We would recommend an 8 in. water main from the engine to the tank, and assuming that the tank was installed within 4,000 ft. of the pumping plant, the frictional head in this pipe would amount to only 8.40 ft. The average pressure at the hydrants will be 46 lbs. One 1 in. nozzle under this pressure would discharge 160 gallons per minute and would throw a stream 109 ft. horizontally or 79 ft. vertically. It would take about 2 hours and 10 minutes to empty the tank with two 1 in. nozzles. If 1 1/2 in. nozzles were used this would deliver 200 gallons per minute and would throw a stream 113 ft. horizontally or 81 ft. vertically. It would take about 40 minutes to empty the tank with two 1 1/2 in. nozzles if the pump were not in operation. With the pump in operation two 1 in. nozzles could be used continually. Or if three 1 in. nozzles were to be used beginning when the tank was full, it would take about 4 hours to empty the tank. And, then one hose could be turned off and the pump would supply a sufficient capacity to keep the two 1 in. nozzles in operation.

The price of the above specified, together with roof, indicator, platform, railing and 96 ft. sub-structure, would be \$3,230, f. o. b. Kelowna, B. C.

The total weight of the tank complete as above, 66,973 lbs.

(Continued in our next.)

PEACHLAND PARAGRAPHS.

(From our Correspondent.)

Never before was there such a stir in our little burg as there was on the 12th of July, when it was the scene of an Orange picnic, and brethren and friends from Kelowna, Summerland and Penticton united with L. O. L. 408 of Peachland, and made the celebration a huge success.

Miss Hattie Manuel, of Summerland, is visiting at Mr. D. J. White's.

A game of baseball on July 12th between Summerland and Peachland resulted in favour of the former.

The Peachland Trading Co. has started to lay the engine bed of the new box factory, and it is expected to have it running in a couple of weeks.

The Snead variety of peaches was ripe here on the 12th.

Mr. Maxwell Smith, Dominion Fruit Marks Inspector, arrived from the southern Okanagan on Tuesday's boat, and spent a day in town talking over matters affecting the fruit industry with growers. He had just returned from a trip to the Similkameen, where, he said, the weather was tropical. In the neighbourhood of Keremeos about 11,000 trees have been planted this spring, and a good many losses have been incurred from the miscellaneous nursery stock used.

C. G. Clement.

Manufacturer of Double Air-Spaced

Cement Blocks

for building Houses, Cellars, and Foundations.

Brick and Cement Work Done
Plastering with either lime or WOOD FIBRE

FOR SALE

The celebrated Rosebank White Lime, none better, and Cement.

Kelowna, B. C.

BALL BROS.

WHOLESALE AND
RETAIL DEALERS IN

Beef, Mutton, Pork, Veal,
Sausage, Smoked and
Salt Meats, Poultry,
Fish and Game
in Season.

All orders promptly attend-
ed to. Free delivery to any
part of the city

Opposite, Thos.
Lawson Store.

Keep Your Liver Active

That is the doctors' rule and you will do well to make it yours. It is an easy and pleasant rule to follow when you use our

Little Liver Pellets

They are small and easy to take. The effect is as pleasant as the remedy. They cure dizziness, headaches, constipation, indigestion, and biliousness.

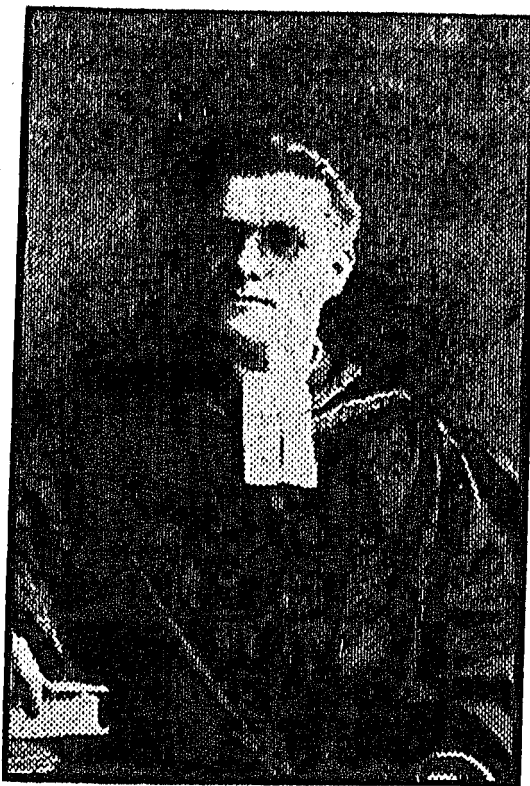
Price 25 cents.

P. B. Willits & Co.

PRESCRIPTION DRUGGISTS

From Canadian Pulpits

The Rev. George Hutchinson Smith was born in Hawkesbury, Ontario. After graduating from the High School of that place he taught school for two years, previous to matriculating into McGill University in 1885, from which institution he graduated B.A. four years later, and in theology in Thorin College, Quebec, 1890, and was at once called to the Presbyterian church, Dunnville, where he remained four years, during the last two of which he continued his studies in McGill and the Presbyterian College, Montreal, taking his degrees of M. A. and B. D. Resigning his charge he travelled and studied in Europe, taking full sessions in Oxford, Edinburgh and Menburg, Germany. On returning to



Rev. Geo. H. Smith, D.D.

Canada he was called to Thamesford, Ontario, where he remained four years, during which time he declined a call to Taylor church, Montreal. From Thamesford he was called to his present charge, Knox church, St. Catharines. In 1899 he received the degree of D. D. from the Presbyterian College, Montreal, by examination, and was the youngest man upon whom his Alma Mater had up to that time conferred this distinction. When the Chair of Practical Theology was vacant in the Presbyterian College he received the unanimous nomination of five Presbyteries, wholly unsought. In 1890 Dr. Smith was married to Miss M. M. Cawthorpe, B.A., of Parsons College, Fairfield, Iowa.

THE BREATH OF CHRIST.

John xx: 22, 23: "And when he had said this, he breathed on them, and saith unto them, 'Receive ye the Holy Ghost; whose soever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whose soever sins ye retain, they are retained.'"

It was the night of the Resurrection day. The risen Savior had returned from Emmaus and suddenly burst in upon the assembled disciples within the closed doors of a Jerusalem upper-room. It is the fifth recorded "appearance" that day and in many respects the most wonderful of all. The salutation "peace be unto you" was familiar, and the showing of the wound prints added every needed confirmation that it was the Lord and that He was risen indeed. "Then said Jesus unto them again, Peace be unto you; as my Father hath sent me, even so send I you. And when He had said this He breathed on them."

What did He mean by this peculiar act? "Breath!" What does that signify? The breath from the ocean colors the pallid cheek of the invalid. The breath of spring how refreshing! The breath of the wind blowing over the glacier to the panting traveller in the sultry valley, how invigorating! Surely there is a life-giving property implied under such applications of the word. In Scripture it has this significance, "God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life and man became a living soul."

In the vision of the prophet Ezekiel the same thought is expressed before the valley of dry bones. "Come from the four winds breath and breathe upon these slain that they may live." and the breath came into them, and they lived, and stood up upon their feet, an exceeding great army." One of the most powerful illustrations of the life-giving qualities of the Holy Spirit is in the expression, "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the spirit." The incident referred to in the text was really the beginning of spiritual life to our Lord's disciples. They knew Him 'tis true as friend, as miracle worker, and as the promoter of a new Kingdom. He was to them a philanthropist and

teacher of strangely mystifying doctrine. But now He is before them in an entirely new light. Soul now touches soul and the spiritual faculty has received in them a new quickening. The material kingdom has become a spiritual, and the things unseen are now the eternal. Have you ever felt this power as in to your life there has come a new and uplifting impulse that has changed life's ideals and duties and made them holy? Was it not as Christ standing in the midst?

But the word "breathe" in the original has even a different meaning. It means to breathe in or into, as blowing into a musical instrument. This may refer to the making of melody, and may be associated with the gorgeous temple ritual where the Levite choirs and orchestral accompaniments were familiar to every one who visited the Holy City on festival occasions. Perhaps it is that Christ wanted to produce the harmony that Christian lives should give, the jarring discords of life being removed by a divine power. But further, the instrument may be ever so carefully constructed and all its parts accurately adjusted, but until the wind becomes a breath and breathes through its pipes there is no sound.

"We are but organs mute till a master touches the keys; Verily vessels of earth into which God poureth the wine; Harps are we, silent harps that have hung in the willow trees, Drunk till our heart strings swell and break with a pulse divine."

The hand must touch the harp strings, the breath must fill the trumpet, otherwise there is only silence.

Again the breathing as into the wind instrument may imply something quite different from the harmony and melody which some power can bring into the troubled human life. May it not mean the shrill and startling blast as when the ram's horn called to arms as at the surrounding of the walls of Jericho the note of the horn was carried by the voices of the people, and the tone thus produced caused the walls to vibrate and crumble to the ground under the power of God. May it not imply, then, a call to duty? May it not be that this power breathes into the souls of those comprising the army of the Church of God as

again and again the defiant powers of Satan challenge an onslaught and demand that the hosts of the Lord tear down the strongholds of evil? "He breathed on them."

II. With the strange act of Christ and all that it may imply there was an equally peculiar commission accompanying. "Receive ye the Holy Ghost." The disciples of the Lord were bidden to tarry at Jerusalem till the Holy Ghost be given. And this was an earnest of what was to follow at Pentecost. The verse following contains even a stranger message: "Whosoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whose soever sins ye retain, they are retained." What can this mean? Not the establishing of an Apostolic succession with power to remit and retain the sins of the people. Not the power of church courts to excommunicate, censure or restore, but from the very personnel of the assembly addressed, apostles and disciples, our Lord took occasion to teach a lesson the whole church has been slow to learn, namely, that the Christian Church is the training school for Christian workers. "You have seen the salvation of the Lord." Tell it to the uttermost corners of the earth. They who refuse the Truth shall remain condemned; they who accept will be saved. It will thus be a saviour of life unto life or of death unto death.

III. But what is the present day significance of the subject?

God wants to breathe new life into us by the quickening power of His Spirit, that human lives being in tune with the Divine Life may supplant the discord of the world by the harmony of Heaven. God wants to breathe into us the holy desire for Christian service. Will we place ourselves at His disposal? He has commissioned His disciples, not only the apostles, for there were "others with them," including the women. For nineteen hundred years the church has been reading her grand commission, and to-day her professed followers stand amazed at the comparative smallness of achievement, in face of the fact that an all-powerful Christ said, "So, I am with you always." It has been said that only fifteen per cent. of the Christian Church members are working Christians. Dr. A. T. Pierson has made the estimate that for the Protestant branch of the Christian

and that less than one pound is given out of every 8,000 pounds of her income. Has the commission fallen upon dull ears, has the breath failed to quicken dead souls? It is for each of us to see to it that it becomes our prayer.

"Breathe on me Breath of God,
Fill me with life anew,
That I may love what thou dost love
And do what thou wouldst do."

"Breathe on me Breath of God,
Until my heart is pure;
Until with thee I will one will,
To do and to endure."

"Breathe on me Breath of God,
Blend all my soul with Thine;
Until this earthly part of me

Glows with Thy fire Divine.

"Breathe on me Breath of God,
So shall I never die,
But live with Thee the perfect life,
Of Thine eternity."

E. HATCH.

African savages take kindly to American patent medicines.

Spider mothers remember their offspring after an absence of twenty hours, but forget them when a full day has elapsed.

A watch taken to the top of Mont Blanc will gain thirty-six seconds in twenty-four hours. The thinness of the air, with its increased pressure, makes the poor watch dizzy and leads it to run faster.

Benny's Land Sailboat

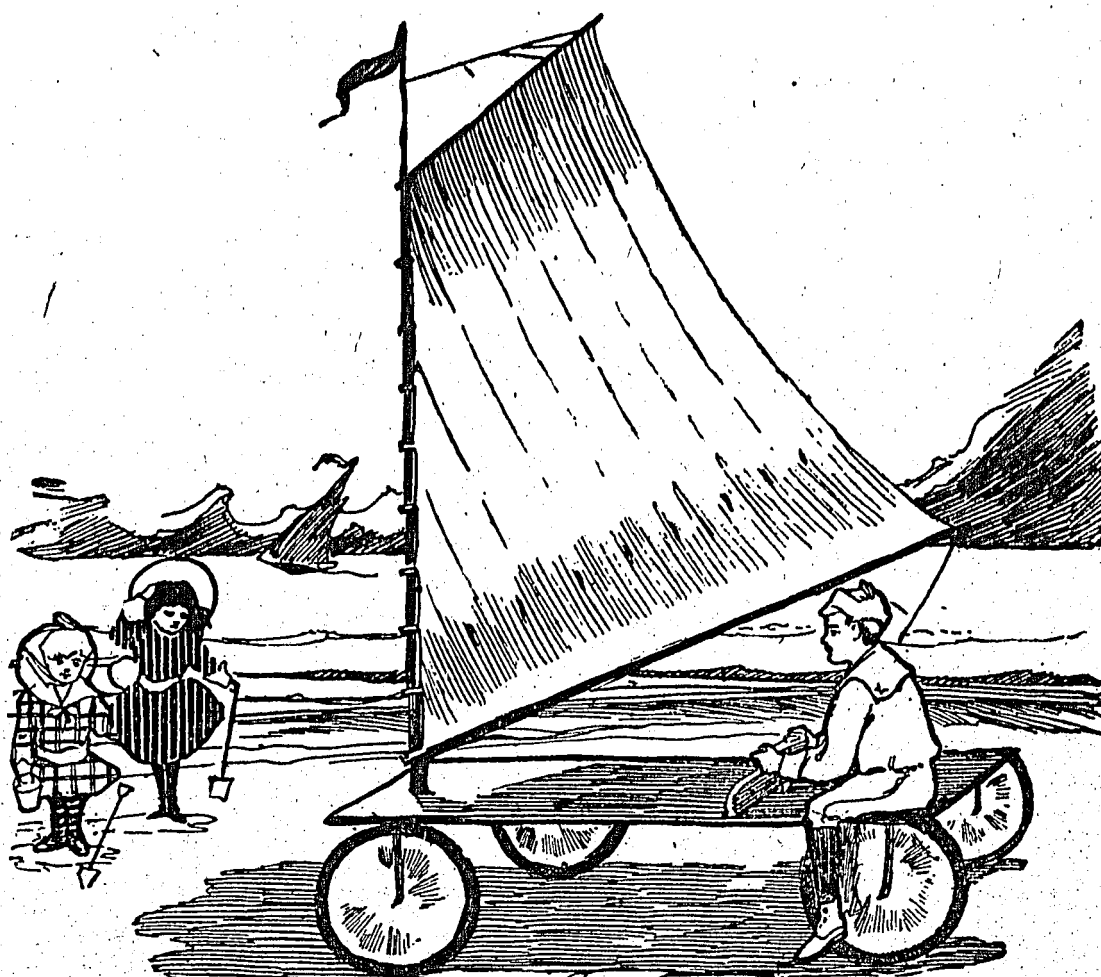
MORE than one boy has been inquiring for plans to make a land sailboat. So Polly Evans provides good plans today. You must have a good stretch of road, boys; don't forget that. It is dangerous sport for crowded streets.

You can have almost as many different varieties of the land sailboat as there are varieties of the water boats.

bolt to fasten the top of the truck to the end of the wagon bed.

Make the truck wide enough so that either wheel may be swung clear around under the wagon bed in obedience to your guiding hand.

You can seat yourself on the hind end of the wagon bed when sailing, as shown in the illustration, but a much better way is to construct an "outrigger," consisting of a board attached by



But we will consider only one kind today. If you are clever, you can devise some other forms out of your own mind.

Figure 1 shows the bed of your wagon, which is made of two pieces of board, one five or six feet long and six inches wide, the other two feet long and eight inches wide. Each should be at least an inch thick.

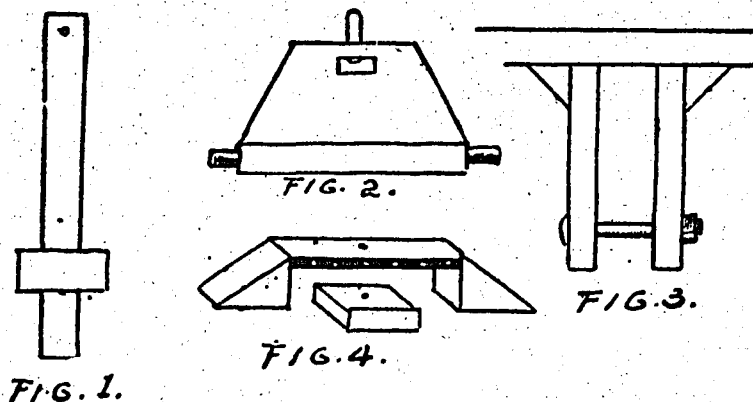
means of a bolt to the hind end of the wagon bed and provided with a wheel of its own, swinging perfectly clear on a pivot.

Thus, you see, you on your outrigger, with its independent wheel, can swing around either one side or the other behind your wagon and manipulate a very large sail without danger of tipping your land boat over. (You must always keep the outrigger towards the wind.)

The wagon bed needs only one hind wheel. If you have the suggested outrigger. Otherwise, of course, it must have two. Figure 3 shows how to put in this hind wheel. Use a bolt for the axle. If it is the same size as the outrigger wheel, you will find your rear truck easier to make.

Figure 4 shows how to construct the "step" for your mast. Make it very strong and fasten to the forward part of the wagon bed. Make your sail out of strong cotton cloth, any size you desire.

If made light and smooth-running, this land sailboat will beat the fastest running. It is sport, without doubt.



Fasten the shorter board across the longer board at right angles.

Figure 2 shows the forward truck. Remember that the trucks are an important matter, so do careful work on them. The two forward wheels fit in at either end of the forward truck. Use a strong

How to Build a Good Pigeon House for Ten Dollars

MANY inquiries and requests for plans and directions have come from boys and girls who wish to keep pigeons. So, Polly Evans has asked our good friend, William Hofacker, who is a successful pigeon raiser as well as artist, to give us today a plan for a pigeon house that can be built for \$10.

This depends on whether you do your own work and use very plain lumber. In fact, you can buy packing boxes, knock them up and use the lumber that you get by that means. If, however, you buy first-class lumber and hire all the labor done, the cost will be increased to as high as \$20 or \$25.

So you will be wise to dispense with luxuries.

The plans have been so clearly drawn that by studying them carefully you can easily build your house.

It is best to build it on posts, laying the floor eighteen inches or two feet above the ground. Make the coop 6 feet square, with a sloping roof, 6 feet high at the higher end and 4 feet high at the lower end, measuring from the floor.

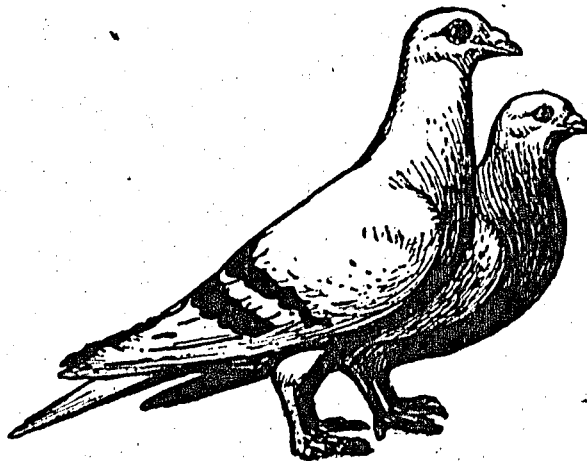
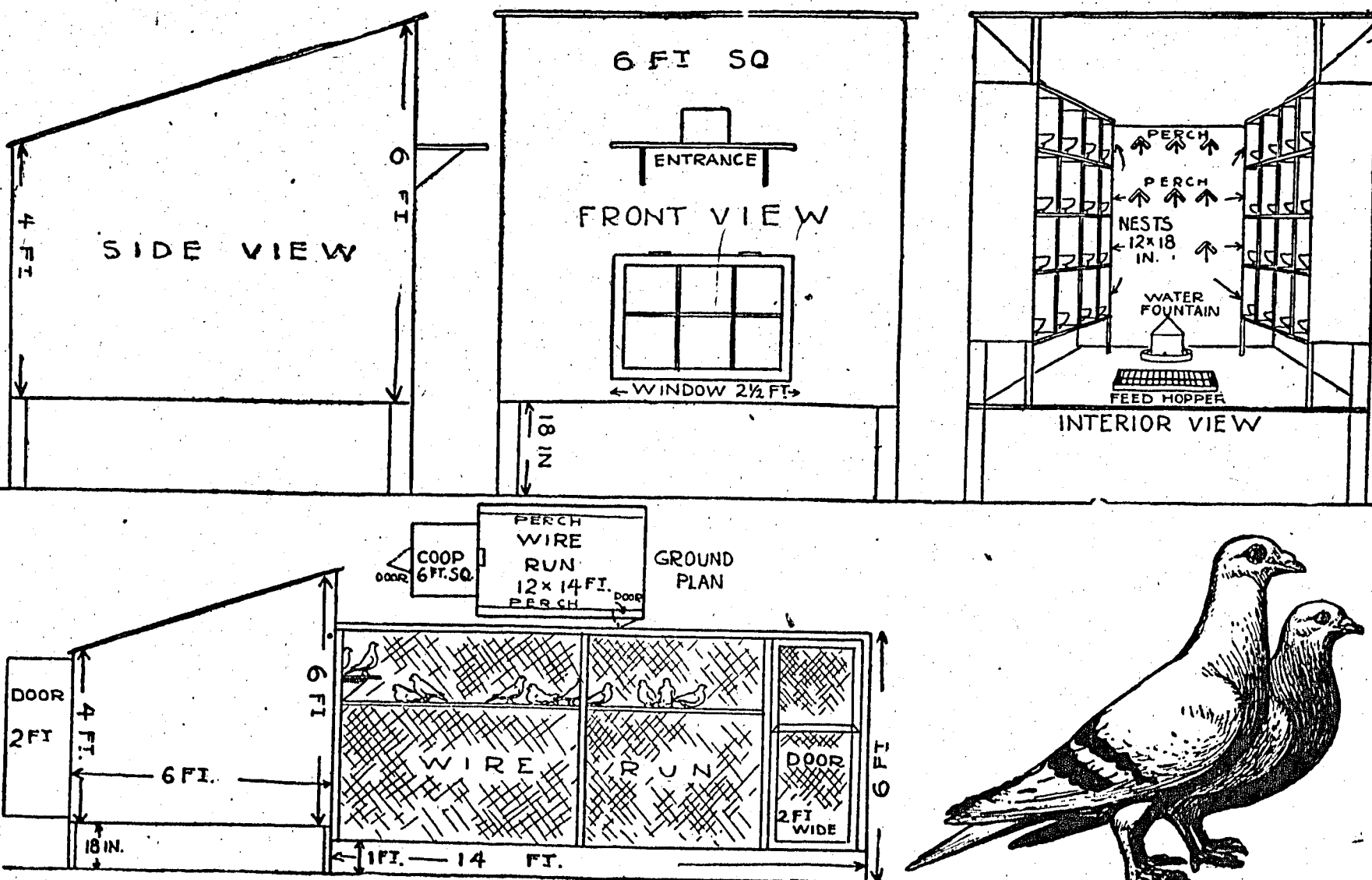
Put in a window and entrance in the end that connects with the run.

Make the enclosure for the run out of wire, 12 by 14 feet in size and 6 feet high, measuring from the ground. Around the base of the run you should have a boarding 12 inches high to keep out intruders. At one end place a door.

The lower or outside end of the house should have a door.

For the inside of the house you should provide nest boxes, 12 by 18 inches in size, each equipped with a nest pan. The boxes can be made out of packing boxes, if you wish, but the nest pans must be purchased from a poultry or seed dealer. The terra cotta pans cost about 50 cents per half dozen.

Pigeons require pure drinking water. Keep a water fountain holding half a



gallon of water on the floor of the house for the birds. Renew the water faithfully twice a day, if you wish the best results, and clean the fountain thoroughly every morning.

This house will accommodate about ten pairs of birds. When you buy them, be sure to get a guarantee from the dealer that they are mated, and also get him to tell you exactly which two are mates. Otherwise you will not be likely ever to raise squabs. Of course, their ages must be guaranteed. You do not want ancient pigeons.

Feed. Ordinarily give them old corn and wheat, feeding at 7 o'clock, 1 o'clock and 6 o'clock. During breeding season it is well to feed them also Canadian peas, millet, hemp or a little wheat.

An expert squab raiser recommends for morning feed equal parts of sifted cracked corn, wheat, Canadian peas and Kaffir corn; for evening feed the same grains, plus one other—millet—also in equal parts.

Pigeons require daily grit, oyster shells, charcoal and salt. Supply four shallow boxes, one for each substance, and clean them out thoroughly once a week. Better entirely cover the ground in the run with gravel two inches deep. They also require baths. In one end of the run provide a bath pan or two of galvanized iron, about four inches deep and two and a half feet square, placed on a bench.

Give the bath in the middle of each day in summer and on warm, sunny days in winter. After all have bathed empty and clean the pan, otherwise the water will become fouled and breed disease among the pigeons.

For any further information write to Polly Evans, or Mr. Hofacker in her care, inclosing a stamped and addressed envelope for reply.

THE WHEELBARROW RACE



YESTERDAY Jennie and I had more fun than I can tell you joining in the wheelbarrow race with the Snyder and Gregory children. Jennie is a trump. For, while we were going lickity-split down the hill, what do you think? Why, she spilt out! But she didn't cry a tear.

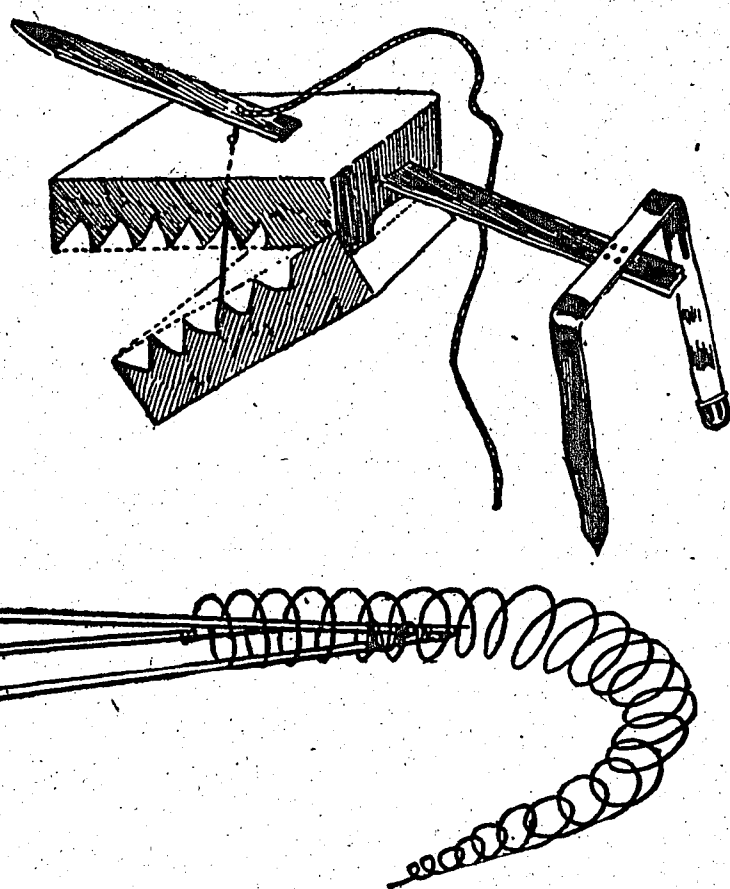
Instead of that, she picked herself up quick before any one could help her, and scrambled back into the wheelbarrow—she didn't even lose her dolly. And then I ran on as fast as I could go, and we won the race, so we did. Don't you think Jennie's a trump?

Tomorrow we're going to have some more wheelbarrow racing. It is jolly fun, I tell you. The only thing I don't like about it is having to push the wheelbarrow up to the top of the hill again each time. But it isn't so bad, after all, for, of course, Jennie walks up.

THE ROARING DRAGON—HOW TO MAKE ONE

JAMES and Jerry are ingenious boys. They get up the greatest stunts! The neighbors are always asking each other: "Well, what will those boys be doing next?" One of the latest contrivances they devised was "The Roaring Dragon." You should have seen it! It worked to a

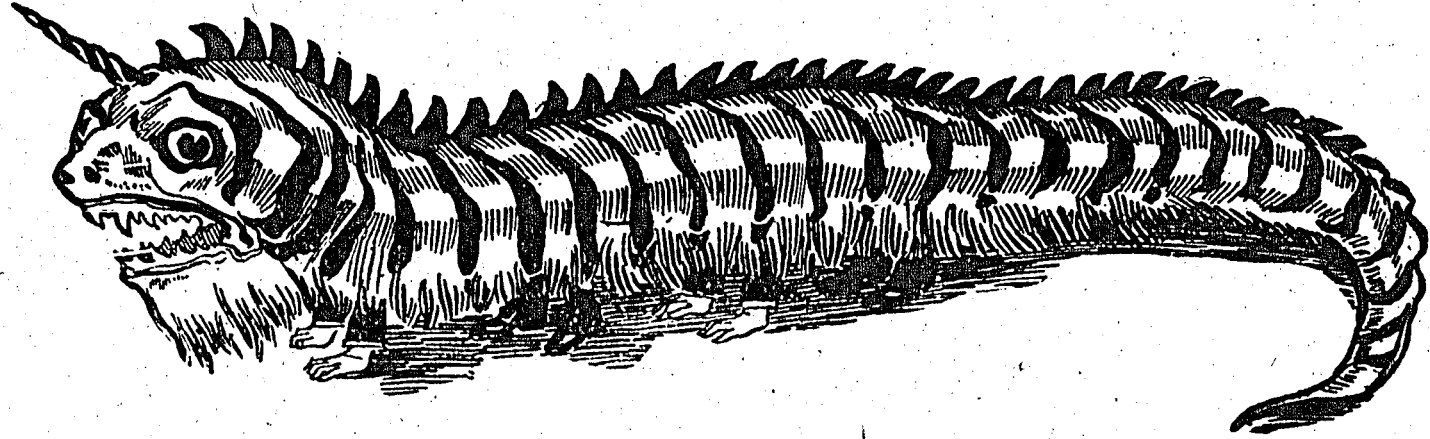
charm. The first the neighbors knew of it was when they looked out of their windows early one morning and saw, to their amazement, a huge dragon crawling slowly along on the front pavement. Of course, they were not fooled. It took them only a moment to guess that this was James and Jerry's latest stunt. But they were really filled with admiration for boys who could do that stunt were clever boys, to say the least. The pictures show how the boys went



lin, with dark painted stripes laid over a support made of cardboard. The top of the cardboard support was cut into a saw-tooth edge and painted black, with tips of white. The entire edge of the muslin on each side up to the beginning of the tail was fringed. The frame for the head and mouth and horn was also made out of heavy cardboard and a stick and attached to the rest of the dragon framework. You can see how, by means of a cord run

through the stick and the jaws, the latter can be made to open and close. By cutting a saw-tooth edge, teeth were easily represented. Black paint soon brought out ferocious-looking eyes and nostrils and outlined the huge mouth. A heavy fringe of muslin finished the lower jaw. The two boys got inside the framework; and while the forward one operated the jaws and did the roaring (through a megaphone), the one in the rear did the wriggling act.

Two weeks of brooding quiet! Then one morning Susan's subdued "Cluck-cluck!" was heard, and Ben, rushing to her side, heard a faint "Peep, peep," which meant the early emergence of fifteen little chicks, if all the eggs proved productive. Sure enough, by noontime, thirteen—not fifteen—fluffy yellow chickens had made their appearance and struck wondering acquaintance with the barnyard world. All day Ben hovered around his precious possessions, admiring them and inviting in the neighbor boys to admire them. "Better nail an extra board in the corner of your yard yonder," advised Jim Bates. "See our dog peeping in? He won't do a thing to those chicks if he gets at them!" "Whew!" whistled Ben. "I'll do that right away," which he did forthwith. Then, for fear of smaller predatory



A Hard Road to Travel

Teacher—What is the meaning of "crisis"? Tommy—A turning point. Teacher—Correct; now write a sentence containing the word. After some hesitation Tommy wrote: "They came to a crisis in the road."

Known by the Brand

The little girl had been sewing and lost her needle. A short time afterward her mother found one, and, upon seeing it, the little girl cried: "That's my needle! I know it's mine, 'cause it has a hole in it!"—Little Chronicle.

A Natural Inference

"Grandpa," said a little maid, whilst seated on his knee, "You're awful old, I do believe! I wish you would tell me!" "Yes," said the old man, solemnly, yet with a twinkling eye, "Remember, I was in the Ark." She gave a wondering cry—"Were you Noah?" "Not Noah," said he. "Then you, perhaps, were Shem?" Not Shem? Then Ham—or Japhet? It must be one of them!" The old man shook his head and smiled. Not daunted in the least, "Well, I declare!" she quickly cried, "you must have been a beast!"

Why He Knew

Teacher—What bird was it that Noah sent out of the ark? Little Jimmy—A dove. Teacher—I'm surprised to find that the smallest boy in the class is the only one who could answer my question. Billy—His father keeps a bird shop.

A Land of Plenty

One evening my little brother started to name the flags of the different countries. Upon coming to the flag of Austria-Hungary, which he had not learned thoroughly, he hesitated for a moment and then exclaimed: "Oh, yes! Austria! Eat!"—Little Chronicle.

Golden Egg Susan

HOW A BOY MADE MONEY FOR CHARITY

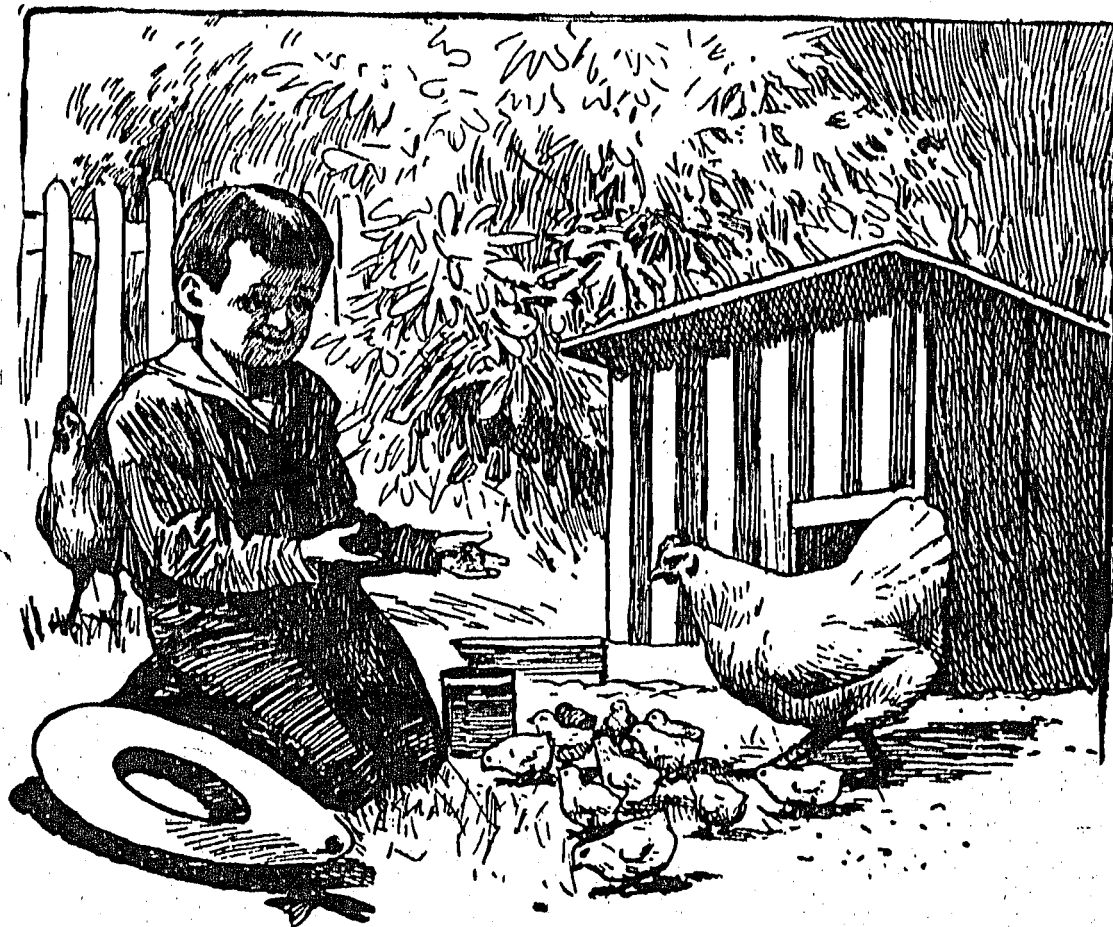


they used to be well off, but their friends all died, and they had bad luck and got old and feeble; and now they would be dead if the neighbors—poor

OTHER," said Ben Mason, when he returned from Sunday school. "Miss Smith told us boys the pitifullest story today. She went to see an old woman and her old husband that she had heard of, and found them sitting hand in hand—oh! so poor, and a little bit starved—in a little bit of an attic room; and

animals—cats, rats, etc.—he stopped up every hole and every crevice that he could find anywhere. "Good, Ben!" said his father, when he reported these precautions that night. "It's good business sense you are showing. See if Susan does not repay your care by laying golden eggs for you."

"Golden eggs?" repeated Ben. "Why, dad, hens don't lay gold eggs!" "Ha, ha!" laughed both his father and mother, much amused at Ben's dead earnestness and literalness. "In other words, my boy, Susan, if she is a grateful mother, will reward you for your pains by raising a good, healthy family of spring chickens and



folks themselves—didn't give them a little to eat now and then."

"Dear, dear!" murmured Mrs. Mason, with a look of deep interest and sympathy. "What does Miss Smith propose to do to help them?" "Why, she says some ladies have talked with her and they want to raise \$500 to pay for a room in that Old Folks' Home at Darlegh, you know. If they can do that, then the old man and woman will be happy and comfortable the rest of their lives. And Miss Smith told them she would ask her Sunday school boys to raise \$50. There are ten of us—that makes \$5 for each boy to raise."

"That is a large sum. Did you promise?" "Yes; but I'm blessed if I know just how I'm going to raise my \$5, for Miss Smith asked us to earn our money. She says money we've worked to earn will be real giving."

"And she is quite right, Ben." "But how to go about it?" "Have you any money?" "Yes, a little in my savings bank."

Ben ran to the library for the bank, and, emptying the contents, counted 5 cents, 15, 65, \$1.05 in all. "Well, think it over, Ben, and ask father's advice tonight."

Father's advice was to raise chickens and eggs. "For, Ben, that is an investment that you can realize on in four months' time. But it requires daily and religiously careful attention. You must keep out dogs, cats, rats and dirt."

"I'll do it, dad," cried Ben, enthusiastically. The following day he came home with the announcement that Mrs. Williams, down by the creek, would sell him a Plymouth Rock cock and setting hen for \$1.00.

"If in good condition, they are not expensive at that price," said Mr. Mason. So, with a loan of forty-five cents from his father to his own money, Ben made the purchase, and installed the fowls in the unused stable, with the barnyard to scratch around in.

On scraps from the table and a daily handful of fine corn and plenty of fresh drinking water, Caesar and Susan, as Ben named them, thrived at a rate that made the boy's heart swell with pride.

Two weeks of brooding quiet! Then one morning Susan's subdued "Cluck-cluck!" was heard, and Ben, rushing to her side, heard a faint "Peep, peep," which meant the early emergence of fifteen little chicks, if all the eggs proved productive.

Sure enough, by noontime, thirteen—not fifteen—fluffy yellow chickens had made their appearance and struck wondering acquaintance with the barnyard world. All day Ben hovered around his precious possessions, admiring them and inviting in the neighbor boys to admire them. "Better nail an extra board in the corner of your yard yonder," advised Jim Bates. "See our dog peeping in? He won't do a thing to those chicks if he gets at them!" "Whew!" whistled Ben. "I'll do that right away," which he did forthwith. Then, for fear of smaller predatory

laying an egg every day for you; and you can convert her chickens and eggs into money. So, in that sense, it would not be improper, I hope, to call her Golden-egg Susan."

Next day Ben came in with a long face, a half-dead chicken in his hands. "Forgot to left the gate open. Jim's dog got in 'n' nearly killed the poor little thing before I could drive him out!" he explained, half in tears.

"Oh, the poor, little thing!" sympathized mother. "But perhaps good nursing will save it. Let me see—ah! there are no broken bones! Yes, it may recover."

And so it did, thanks to a nice, soft nest in a basket close to the kitchen fire and a healing application of warm vasoline to its wounds.

After that no further dreadful accidents occurred. Ben having learned the lesson of caution, in a few days Susan graciously signified her willingness to contribute a daily egg to Ben's accumulating treasure.

"Bless her gizzard, she's proving herself, indeed, a golden-egg Susan!" reported Ben joyfully at the supper table.

Surely, no boy ever had a better behaved hen than Susan. She was as reliable a hen as ever lived, faithfully mothering the chickens and never forgetting to lay a nice, large egg in the nest provided by her young master.

In due course of time the thirteen chickens grew to the spring-broiler stage, and ten of them went to Mr. Bates' grocery at 70 cents apiece. "Seven dollars!" proudly announced Ben, fingering the silver coins in his pocket.

Add to that the eight dozen eggs that Susan had laid—

And drawing a soiled memorandum slip from his pocket, Ben read off the entries aloud:

One dozen eggs sold to Mr. Bates... 25c.
One dozen eggs sold to Mr. Bates... 24c.
One dozen eggs sold to Mr. Bates... 24c.
One dozen eggs sold to Mr. Bates... 23c.
One dozen eggs sold to Mr. Bates... 23c.
One dozen eggs sold to Mr. Bates... 21c.
One dozen eggs sold to Mr. Bates... 20c.
Total, eight dozen... \$1.83 1/2

"So you have made, all told—?" asked his mother.

"All told—eight dollars, eighty-three and a half cents," said Ben, "and when I've returned to dad the 45 cents I borrowed from him and deducted my original investment of the dollar from my savings bank, I have made a net profit of seven dollars, thirty-eight and a half cents—over two dollars more than I promised to give. Hurrah! Oh, mother! won't Miss Smith open her eyes when I hand in seven shining silver dollars?"

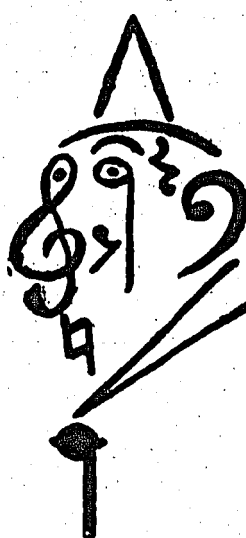
"Seven! Are you going to give seven, Ben?"

"Sure, I am! What else did Susan lay the money for?"

That night it was a very happy boy who sang the praises of Golden-egg Susan in the ears of his father; and the next Sunday it was a very much surprised and pleased Sunday school teacher who heard the story and received the evidence of what Golden-egg Susan had contributed through Ben Mason to the happiness of two old people!

POLLY EVANS.

Fun With Musical Signs



OF COURSE you boys and girls are familiar with many of the signs used in writing musical scores.

But have you ever discovered that these signs can be used for another purpose besides writing music? Just try and see if you cannot combine them to form funny pictures.

Here are some samples that will help you to form some original pictures of your own.

You can have a jolly rainy afternoon in this way, and can make your friends happy by suggesting the idea to them.



CHURCHES.

ANGLICAN.

St. Michael and All Angels' Church.
REV. THOS. GREENE, B. A., RECTOR.
Holy Communion, first and third Sundays in the month at 8 a.m.; second and fourth Sundays, after Morning Prayer.
Litany on the first and third Sundays.
Morning Prayer at 11 o'clock; Evening Prayer at 7.30.

PRESBYTERIAN.

Knox Presbyterian Church, Kelowna.
Morning service at 11 a.m.; evening service at 7.30 p.m. Sunday School at 2.30 p.m.
Weekly Prayer Meeting on Wednesdays, at 8 p.m.
Bennoulin Presbyterian Church.
Afternoon service at 3 p.m. Sunday School at 2 p.m.
REV. A. W. K. HERDMAN, PASTOR.
Scotty Creek School-house.
Service each Sunday at 3 p.m. J. R. URQUHART, Missionary.

METHODIST.

Kelowna Methodist Church.
Sabbath services at 11 a.m. and 7.30 p.m. Epworth League at 8.30 p.m. All welcome. Seats Free.
REV. A. HENDERSON, PASTOR.

BAPTIST

Kelowna Baptist Church, Raymer's Hall.
Sabbath Services at 11 a.m. and 7.30 p.m. Sabbath School at 12.15 p.m. All welcome.
Rev. H. P. THORPE, Pastor.

LODGES.



A. F. & A. M.

St. George's Lodge,
No. 41.

Regular meetings on Fridays, on or before the full moon, at 8 p.m. in Raymer's Hall. Sojourning brethren cordially invited.
B. F. BOYCE, F. R. E. DEHART, W. M. Sec.

J. F. BURNE

Solicitor,
Notary Public,
Conveyancer, etc.

KELOWNA, - - - B. C.

CHARLES HARVEY, B. A. SC., C. E.
D. L. S., B. C. L. S.

Civil Engineer & Land Surveyor,
Kelowna, B. C.

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OFFICE IN THE K. S. U. BUILDING.
KELOWNA, B. C.

H. W. Raymer

Building Contractor and dealer in Doors, Sash, Mouldings, etc. Plans Specifications and Estimates prepared for all classes of work.

Kelowna, B. C.

South Okanagan Valley

Bureau of information of the South Okanagan Valley and for a list of property for sale, improved farms, Penticton T. S. Coy's lots, etc. Apply to

Wm. Smythe Parker

General Real Estate Agent, who will always cheerfully give prompt and best attention to all inquiries from intending investors.

PENTICTON, B. C.

Mission Valley Livery Feed, & Sale Stable.

Good Horses and Rigs always ready for the roads. Commercial men accommodated on short notice. Freight and Draying a specialty.

C. Blackwood, Prop.

JAMES CLARKE GORDON BAIN

Clarke & Bain

Building Contractors
Cottages and other small buildings a specialty. Town or country.
KELOWNA, - - - B. C.

J. J. STUBBS,

Sign and House Painter, and General Decorator.
Kelowna.

Residence in Parkdale, just south of Pendozi St. bridge.

John Curts,

CONTRACTOR & BUILDER.
Plans and Specifications Prepared and estimates given for public Buildings, Town and Country Residences.

JOHN CURTS KELOWNA

GEO. E. RITCHIE,

CARPENTER AND BUILDER,

KELOWNA, B. C.

Jobbing promptly attended to.

THE KELOWNA COURIER

AND

Okanagan Orchardist.

Owned and Edited by
GEO. C. ROSE, M. A.

\$1.00 Per Year in Advance.

News of social events and communications in regard to matters of public interest will be gladly received for publication, if authenticated by the writer's name and address, which will not be printed if so desired. No matter of a scandalous, libellous or personal nature will be accepted. To ensure acceptance, all manuscript should be legibly written on one side of the paper only. Typewritten copy is preferred. The COURIER does not necessarily endorse the sentiments of any contributed article.

Advertising Rates

Transient Advertisements—Not exceeding one inch, one insertion, 50c; two insertions, 75c; four insertions, \$1.00.

Lodge Notices, Professional Cards, and Similar Matter—\$1.00 per inch, per month.

Land and Legal Notices—B. C. Gazette rates.

Reading Notices amongst Locals—Same rate as Transient Advertisements.

Contract Advertisements—Rates arranged according to space taken.

Contract advertisers will please notice that all changes of advertisements must be handed to the printer by Monday evening to ensure publication in the current issue.

THURSDAY, JULY 19, 1906.

IS THIS CONSERVATISM?

It has long been the boast of the Conservative party in Canada that they are allied with the Conservative party of the United Kingdom in the support of the flag and constitution, and they have taken it upon themselves to parade their lip-loyalty and to point out the Liberals of Canada as disloyal to the Crown because their actions are more consistent with the habits of a new and democratic nation. In strange contrast, then, to this spirit of devotion to old traditions is the language of the Conservative Winnipeg Telegram in commenting on the recent birthday honours bestowed on Canadians by the King.

"Birthday honors and such like marks of royal favor have been running easy in Canada for a long time, but this last batch of London hand-outs is in a class by itself. Viewed in its entirety the list of Canadian recipients of royal honors is a huge joke. Perhaps it is well that the practice of awarding these marks of royal favor to Canadians should have reached the point where Canadians can regard it in the light of amusement. One thing this latest list does do—it eliminates any possibility of jealousy on the part of candidates who have been ignored. The hand that fashioned the list was assuredly that of a democrat to the hilt, for it could have aimed at nothing short of the annihilation of royal titles so far as Canada is concerned. The practice cannot survive the point at which it invites merriment, and there will be a good deal of merriment over the list of Canadian names which have just been affixed with alphabetical ornaments."

The desire to be flippant has apparently run away with the Telegram's brains. The list of honours is as follows: Knighthood—R. L. Weatherbee, Chief Justice, Supreme Court of Nova Scotia; A. E. Irving, K.C., Leader of the Bar, Ontario. C.M.G. The Hon. A. Turgeon, Minister of Lands and Forests, Province of Quebec; W. L. Mackenzie, Depy. Minister of Labour, Dominion of Canada. Six appointments were also made to the Imperial Service Order, which is awarded to civil servants for long and honourable service. What is there to justify the Telegram in sneering at the honours thus awarded? Are not all the gentlemen worthy of Imperial distinction? Has the Telegram so far departed from the historic Conservative standpoint that it no longer has any respect for the fount of all honours, the King? A sad decadence since

the days of Sir John A., when the clap-trap of elections consisted of "the old flag," "King and Country," "A British subject I was born, and a British subject I will die," expressions all praiseworthy in themselves but worn threadbare by constant repetition. Looking back into the history of Conservative governments, we find the Telegram stultifies its own party in casting slurs upon Imperial honours. Who so eager as the Conservative statesmen to accept the coveted C. M. G. or K. C. M. G.? We find by actual count that there were thirteen knights in the Conservative ministries of eighteen years, besides the gentlemen who accepted lesser distinctions. In the Telegram's words, were all those Conservative statesmen "a huge joke"?

A Quiet Wedding.

So quietly had the matter been arranged that few friends in Kelowna were aware Mr. E. M. Carruthers was to combine a tussle for the Roper Polo Cup at Kamloops with his marriage to Miss L. Rumney, who has been a resident of Kelowna for the past year, and the Courier has, therefore, to apologise in presenting its readers with a second-hand account of the event, taken from the Kamloops Standard of July 7th.

"At St. Paul's Church, yesterday afternoon (July 6th), Miss L. Rumney became the wife of Edward Maurice Carruthers, of Kelowna. The ceremony was a quiet one but a large number of the friends of the young couple were present to wish them God speed after the wedding, and incidentally to give them the benefit of certain stores of rice laid in for the occasion. As the groom is the captain of the Kelowna Polo Club and a thorough sportsman, all the visiting devotees of the game as well as local players, had arranged a true polo wedding with the necessary accompaniment of a lane of crossed sticks for the newly wedded pair to pass under on the way from church to carriage, but a misunderstanding over the time caused a hitch in the proceedings. Mr. and Mrs. Carruthers will spend the honeymoon in the East, after which they will take up their residence in Kelowna."

The Courier joins their hosts of friends in wishing the popular young couple all manner of happiness.

Bankhead Orchard

Choice fruits in their season delivered anywhere in Kelowna at the following prices:

Peach Plums	per lb.	3c
Greengages	"	3c
Bradshaw, Pond's Seedling, Columbia and other plums	"	2c
French, Silver and Italian Prunes	"	2c
Crab Apples	"	2½c
Bartlett, D'Anjou and other Pears	"	2½c
Yellow Transparent Apples	"	1½c
Other apples from 1½c to 2½c per lb. according to variety.		

Terms, Cash. Orders should be sent in now to

T. W. STIRLING,
49 BANKHEAD RANCH.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that, sixty days after date, I intend to apply to the Honorable the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase the following described land, situate on the east side of Okanagan Lake, B. C.: Commencing at the South-east corner post of M. L. Crickton's purchase land, running thence south 20 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 20 chains, thence east 80 chains to point of commencement, comprising the south half of the south-west quarter of section 15, Tp. 28, and the south half of the south-east quarter of section 16, Township 28. Dated June 29th, 1906.
48-60d Eliza Mair.

Subscribe for the
Courier, \$1 a year.

Gasoline

Prices are going up. I have 76 per cent, 74 per cent and 72 per cent a large stock at the old price.

D. Leckie, - Hardware

H. C. Stillingfleet

Real Estate Agent

Kelowna, B. C.

FOR SALE

Sixty acres, 400 fruit trees doing well, 7 acres potatoes, 1 acre onions, 5 acres fall wheat, 4 acres oats; barn, harness room, implement shed, 4 horses, 2 cows; house, 3 rooms, kitchen, large verandah, pantry, etc. All fenced and irrigated, 6 miles from Kelowna, good road, nicely situated.

Bank of Montreal

Established 1817

Capital, all paid up, \$14,400,000. Rest, \$10,000,000. Undivided Profits, \$801,855.41

Head Office, Montreal

Hon. Pres., Right Hon. Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal G. C. M. G. President, Hon. Sir Geo. A. Drummond, K. C. M. G. Vice-President and General Manager, E. S. Clouston, Esq.,

Branches in all the principal cities and towns in Canada. Also in the following cities: London, Eng.; New York; Chicago; Spokane, Wash.; St. John's, Newfoundland.

A general banking business transacted.

Drafts sold available at all points in the United States, Europe and Canada, including Atlin and Dawson City.

Bank Money Orders for sale, payable all over Canada (Yukon excepted), at low commission rates.

Savings Bank Department

Deposits Received from \$1 upwards. Interest allowed at Current Rates.

Okanagan District.

G. A. HENDERSON, Manager, Vernon.

ARMSTRONG,
E. S. V. McClintock, Sub-Agent.

ENDERBY,
A. E. Taylor, Sub-Agent.

KELOWNA, P. DuMoulin, Sub-Agent.

Join

Our Lending Exchange Library.

The new books received as published.

J. P. Clement
BOOKSELLER & STATIONER

Just Arrived

Another cat load of the best carriages that ever struck the Okanagan.

Elliott & Morrison

THE LAKEVIEW HOTEL

Has been thoroughly renovated throughout. First Class Accommodation for the travelling public. High class liquors and cigars. A home for all Commercial men.

James Bowes, Prop

Kelowna Land & Orchard Co. Limited.

Residential Lots. Lake Frontage Lots.

We are now ready to sell lots on our new subdivision on Abbott St. South.

Charming residential lots fronting on the lake.

Beautiful beach for boating and bathing. Fine high, dry building sites.

Also some beautiful lots in Parkdale. Fine garden soil. Call early and make your selection without delay.

Apply, K. L. & O. Co.'s Office.

Kelowna Cafe

Stop here for a nice cup of tea.

Nice Home-Made Bread. Always on hand a choice supply of Pastry, Fancy Biscuits, Short-Bread, Cakes and Sponge Cakes, Home-Made Candies, Wedding Cakes a specialty.

H. E. HITCHCOCK.

D. W. Crowley & Co

Wholesale and Retail

BUTCHERS

AND

Cattle Dealers

KELOWNA.

LUMBER

Rough or Dressed.

Shingles, Lath, Sash, Doors, Mouldings, Etc.

Kelowna Saw Mill Co'y.

NEWBY & Co.

GENERAL MACHINISTS

Bicycle Repairing and Bicycle Supplies.

Agent For

Canada Cycle & Motor Co., Gasoline Engines.

Batteries etc. in stock. Myers well pumps in stock.

PIANOS

NEW SCALE WILLIAMS.

ORGANS

ESTLEY AND DOMINION.

J. J. STUBBS, AGENT
South Kelowna.

LOCAL NEWS

Mrs. Coryell, of Grand Forks, arrived by the "Aberdeen," on Monday, and is paying a visit to Mr. E. Weddell.

The sons of Messrs. T. W. Stirling and W. C. Cameron arrived on Monday from Victoria where they have been attending school, and will spend the holidays with their parents.

The new sawmill will soon be in operation, most of the machinery having arrived. A fine new locomotive boiler arrived last week for the "Kelowna" which will largely increase her speed and towing power.

Mrs. Clark and the Misses Margaret and Jessie Lawson arrived from Hamilton, Ont. on Monday's boat to pay a visit to their brother, Mr. T. Lawson. Mrs. Clark is accompanied by her three children.

Mr. A. McDonald, general western manager of the Confederation Life of Canada, with headquarters at Winnipeg, paid a flying visit to Kelowna on Monday, being unable to remain over owing to the approach of the Winnipeg Fair.

The thunderstorm which circled round the valley on Monday evening brought a heavy down-pour of rain on the hills, comparatively little falling in town. Exaggerated reports were current of a cloudburst having done extensive damage to the Rutland Land Co.'s ditch, but nothing worse seems to have happened than the silting up of the ditch in a few places from the surface soil washed down by the heavy rain.

Some yahoo with the artistic soul of a circus advance agent has been decorating the trees in the Park with hideous advertising signs, which spoil much of its natural beauty. The time cannot come too soon for municipal control of the Park, so that an end can be put to this sort of thing, and we hope the Council will be able to come to an arrangement with the Lequime estate before it is converted into a wilderness of glaring advertisements and town rubbish.

Miss Elenor W. Johnson, representing a large wholesale hardware firm in Vancouver, and also press representative for a number of Pacific Coast papers, was in town on Tuesday, and paid a call at the Courier Office. The young lady seems to have a distinct turn for mechanical science, an unusual trait in her sex, and no doubt proves a most successful "drummer" for her firm, which lately supplied a whole train-load, nineteen car-loads, of copper wire to the B. C. Electric Railway Co.

The Manitoba Free Press, in an article on "Fruit Prices, Fruit Duties and Fruit Transportation" says:

"There seems to be no limit to the possibilities of strawberry culture in the Okanagan valley, and the berries from that section carry better than from any other portion of British Columbia so far exploited for fruit culture."

A bad runaway happened to Ball Bros.' butcher wagon on Thursday, near Mr. Newby's house. The team ran into a fence and smashed up the harness and rig so that about \$50 worth of repairs will be needed. Mr. Ball, the younger, who was driving, was slightly cut, and a lad named Titcher, who accompanied him, received some bad bruises to his right leg.

Mr. William Huffman left on Saturday for MacGregor, Man., where he may take up his residence in future, although he may find it difficult, as he himself believes, to keep away from the Okanagan. He had been resident here for two years, and was a valued member of the Kelowna Citizens' Band, by whom he was presented with a handsome gold fob on Friday evening.

Eighteen thoroughbred Hereford bulls, averaging two years old, went south on the "Aberdeen" on Monday for the South Okanagan Land Co. They are fine animals, and should prove a valuable addition to the Company's herd. After unloading at Penticton, considerable difficulty was experienced in rounding them up, as they got scattered into swamps in the darkness.

Our British brethren of the press continue to display their ignorance of Canadian geography, vide the following: from the Jersey Free Press of June 23rd: "RECORD PASSAGE TO OTTAWA. Ottawa, Monday.

The Canadian Pacific steamer Empress of Britain has beaten the previous record passage by 63 minutes."

When did Ottawa become a marine port?

Some people are so criminally careless and indifferent to the suffering they may cause little children as to leave broken glass on the beach, where youngsters are continually paddling about with bare feet. Last week several children had narrow escapes from painful cuts, and it is to be hoped any one guilty of such carelessness in the future can be reached by the law and punished as the case merits.

The local Orange lodge commenced celebration of their principal anniversary by a parade on Sunday, July 8th, to the Methodist Church, where an appropriate sermon was preached by the Rev. A. Henderson. Twenty-eight brethren were in attendance. The collection was in aid of the Hospital Fund, and realised \$16.00. On the 12th, about 40 members of the lodge went to Peachland to take part in the celebration there. The Orangemen were accompanied by a large number of friends, 172 tickets in all being sold. The "York," with its barge, was the means of conveyance, and the Kelowna Citizens' Band accompanied the excursion, and rendered selections at intervals, Orange tunes being prominent. The attendance at Peachland aggregated about 350 from outside points, and the programme was carried out with success. The Summerland Band aided to enliven the day. The excessive heat was the only drawback. On the return trip, impromptu dances were got up on the barge, and all seemed to enjoy themselves.

JOHN COLLINS

KELOWNA, B.C.

Real Estate, Insurance, and General Commission Agent. Licensed Auctioneer.

Town Lots, Business Properties, Farm Lands.

Two and a half acres in town. Price, \$800. Good building site.

Accounts collected. Apply at office for particulars.

Office, K.S.U. Block

Cheaper than Ever

Carpet squares, 3 x 3 yds., each \$2.75
Iron Beds 4.00
Nairn's Scotch Linoleums, per yard 45c
Dressing Tables and Wash Stands, former with a 24 inch bevel British plate mirror per set 14.50
Morris chairs with spring cushions 10.50

All other goods in proportion. Freight prepaid to all points on Okanagan Lake.

Baby Carriages and Go Carts in Stock.

Singer Sewing Machines, drop head \$42.50
New Williams \$40.00
Wheeler and Wilson, rotary shuttle \$50.00
Standard, rotary shuttle \$50.00

Kelowna Furniture Co.

Agents for Mason Risch Pianos.

FOR SALE

A Karm Organ, with 12 stops and knee swells. Is in use in the Church of St. Michael and All Angels, is in good order and is being displaced only for a larger organ. Will be sold cheap, and immediate delivery given. Apply to the Rev. Rev. Thos. Greene, or to Mr. J. J. Stubbs, Kelowna. 49-4t.

NOTICE

Any person trespassing on my property after this date will be prosecuted.

J. L. Pridham,
Alta Vista, Kelowna 45-tf

FOR SALE

Camera (5x7), with all furnishings. Cost-complete \$142; will sell for \$55. Owner giving up the business. A snap. For further particulars write—
A. E. Walker
Summerland, B. C. 45-tf

WANTED

A woman to cook on a ranch.

Apply,

J. E. Robinson,
Kelowna. 46-4t

FOR SALE

5 choice milk cows, 1 hay tedder, nearly new, 1 revolving bbl. churn, 1 hand seeder, 3 bbls. cider.

Apply, T. W. Stirling,

Bankhead Ranch,
Kelowna. 43-tf

FOR SALE

Fresh milk cows.

Conkling & Hall,
Scotty Creek, Kelowna. 47-4t



Synopsis of Canadian Homestead Regulations.

ANY available Dominion Lands within the Railway Belt in British Columbia, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Entry must be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated. The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans:

- (1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.
- (2) If the father or mother, if the father is deceased, of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.
- (3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

Six months' notice in writing should be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of intention to apply for patent.

W. W. CORY,

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

WANTED.

A woman to cook and do general housework at a farm-house. Apply at
Stirling's Farm-house,
Kelowna. 46-tf

Wm. Haug

Contracts taken for all kinds of Stone Work, Brick Work and Plastering. Coast Lime, Plaster Paris and Brick for sale.

Wood Fibre Plaster For Sale
KELOWNA.

Kelowna Restaurant

First Class Meals by the Day, Week, or Month at Reasonable Rates.

C. Blackwood, Prop.

FOR SALE.

A Fairbanks Improved 2 1/2 horse power

Gasoline Engine

in perfect running order. Used only nine months. Cash price for quick sale, with exhaust pipe, gasoline tank and feed pipe, \$140. List price of outfit was over \$200.00

Apply Courier Office.

KELOWNA

Livery & FeedStables.....

We are still doing business in the old stand: in the same old way.

GOOD HORSES
GOOD RIGS
CAREFUL DRIVERS

COLLETT BROS.
PHONE NO. 20.

H. Lysons

KELOWNA, B. C.

LAUNCHES AND BOATS

Batteries and Engine repairs kept in stock.
Gasoline Engines put in repair. Rowing boats for hire.

S. T. LONG, C.E., P.L.S.

AGENT FOR

Pacific Coast Pipe Company's
Wooden Stave Pipe.

KELOWNA, - - B.C.

Mignon's Political Instinct

(By Bello Mainates.)

Ruth's routine of ex-schoolmates were paying her a visit at the Executive Mansion, the home of her uncle, Stephen Thorn, Governor of the State, likewise guardian of Ruth. Sometimes it was difficult for him to determine which of these positions presented the more intricate complications.

He was past his youth, but had not yet approached middle age. The ex-school friends found him awe-inspiring, and regarded him from a distance with romantic interest.

"That little, silvery patch on each temple is so distingue," ardently declared Lucile.

"Makes one think of the leading man in a play when ten years are supposed to elapse between acts," giggled Mignon Gray.

It was a source of delight to the others that even Mignon felt the influence of their host's demeanor and refrained in his presence from indulgence in frivolous conversation.

To Mignon it was a matter for chagrin. She fortified herself continually by impressive reminders that he was of the people, for the people, by the people, even as she, and that a governor was not so much, anyway, but the gubernatorial dignity hung around him still, and her forced courage oozed away whenever he addressed her.

One morning the routine, with the exception of Mignon, trooped away to the golf links. Mignon remained at home to write letters, but when she knew herself to be alone in this big, stately house, she suddenly experienced a sensation of her childhood days, and was impelled by an irresistible desire "to be naughty."

The daring idea of calling upon Ruth's uncle seized her.

"I'd like to see him 'on duty,'" she mused. "I might—yes, I will—go incognito."

There was a chest upstairs containing garments belonging to Ruth's departed kin.

Presently there emerged from the Executive Mansion a quaint little figure clad in an old-fashioned flower-sprigged skirt, a lace mantilla, a neat straw bonnet and a lace-edged veil.

The Capitol was only a short distance from the Executive Mansion, and Mignon met few persons. The guard, who stood in the broad corridor as she entered, did not vouchsafe her a second glance as he directed her to the Executive Office.

Mignon did not follow his directions. Ruth had told her how she gained his private sanctum when she was in a hurry and did not have time for the red-tape channels of approach through private secretary and messenger. She slipped into the "Governor's Parlor" and boldly opened the door from there into his private office.

The governor chanced to be alone, and he turned with surprise to see who was so bold in intrusion.

"Did you wish to see me, madam?" he asked in courtly manner, placing a chair for the visitor.

"You are the governor?" asked a queer, high-pitched voice.

"I am," he admitted.

"I came to see if you would give me a position in the Capitol. I am the widow of a soldier—and I pay taxes—"

"A soldier's widow?" asked the governor with interest. "In which war did your husband serve, civil or Spanish-American?"

There was a moment's hesitation before Mignon decided to locate "her husband" in the civil war.

"What was his company and in what regiment did he enlist?"

Silence.

"Don't you know the number of his regiment?"

"Oh, yes; thirteen."

"And what State?"

"Pennsylvania."

"And what was the letter of his company?" he asked, beginning to make a memorandum.

"Why—R!" triumphantly.

His pencil poised.

The companies were only lettered to K for infantry, you know.

"Then probably it was K," she said. "It looks like R, you know."

"Yes, sometimes, he admitted, 'but what kind of a position did you wish?'"

"Any position!" desperately.

"What experience have you had?"

"I have copied legal papers," remembering a brief she had once copied for her father, who had wrathfully consigned it to the flames with the criticism that it resembled his Chinese laundry check.

"Have you, indeed!" he said in evident surprise, and Mignon felt that she had acquired importance in his regard. The Governor seemed to be absorbed in meditation, and Mignon began to feel the silence embarrassing.

"I don't know of any vacancies or openings at present," he finally remarked, "but if you will make a formal application and leave it here on file, I will communicate with you as soon as the opportunity offers."

"Oh, thank you!" she said gratefully.

"I don't seem to have any blank forms," he said, looking over the papers scattered on his desk. "However, I'll write one out, and you can sign it, and leave your address also."

Mignon had already decided upon a name and address, so when he pre-

sently handed her a paper he had written, she removed her glove and on the line indicated, she wrote: "Nancy Bettens, 1611 L street."

He studied the signature carefully.

"And what was your husband's first name, Mrs. Bettens?"

"Adam," was the glib response.

"You'll hear from me soon, Mrs. Bettens."

Mignon took this as a dismissal, and rose to go.

"Do you think there is any hope?" she could not resist asking, as she gained the door.

"I do. The fact of your being a soldier's widow and your having experience in office work will lead me to consider your application favorably. I shall offer you a position very soon," he replied earnestly.

"What fun I shall have telling the girls!" thought Mignon as she sped home. When she had made a change of costume she discovered to her dismay that it was too late to join the girls at the country club for luncheon as she had promised.

While she was reflecting on this change in her programme, the library door opened and the governor entered.

"Oh, there isn't any luncheon!" she said, "the girls are at the golf links. Mrs. Farnham is invited out things, and no more so than in his for the day and I made a mistake in the time and didn't meet them. You weren't expected."

"I didn't come for luncheon," he replied, "but what will you do?"

"Oh, the cook will see that I don't go hungry," she laughed.

Some way, her fear of him had vanished.

"Let me see to that instead of letting the cook. Will you go to luncheon with me, now?"

"What have you been doing all the

morning?" he asked, as they sat at a little palm-screened table.

"I've been writing," she said in a ruminating tone.

"So have I, and I feel the need of recreation. Will you drive with me after luncheon?"

Mignon decided she would not tell the girls of her morning call. As the days went by, she became the companion of the governor in his hours of ease. One evening as she sat alone in the library, he suddenly appeared and laid a paper before her.

She caught her breath. It was the paper she had signed in the Executive Office.

"I have come for the fulfillment of your promise," he said, gravely.

She had not read the paper that morning in his office, as he had given her no opportunity to do so.

With burning cheeks she now perused the startling application.

"I do hereby faithfully promise that when Stephen Thorn, Governor of the State of —, asks me to be his wife, I will accept the offer."

"Nancy Bettens,"

"1611 L Street."

"Well?" he said entreatingly.

"It isn't legal or binding," she said defiantly, "because you see it is signed by a fictitious name."

"Will you not remedy that defect?"

"I prefer," she said softly, "that you make a verbal offer."

Successful experiments have been made in the treatment of neuralgia and hysteria with radium at the Salpetriere Hospital, in Paris.

Widows on being remarried wear neither the wedding veil nor orange flowers. The dress should not be white, but of some light, delicate color.

Germany exported last year over \$30,000,000 worth of books and works of art. England and the United States were her best customers.

British India has the swiftest river in the world. It is the Sutlej, which, in 180 miles, has a descent of 12,000 feet.

The business in children's tin soldiers has increased about 50 per cent. in the last few months. War news caused the increase.

SURE SIGN.



Willie Jones—This is the night your sister's best feller comes, ain't it?
Tommy Brown—Yeh, but I guess she's tryin' to shake him.
Willie Jones—How d'yer know?
Tommy Brown—She et onions for supper.—Philadel'phia Press.

NOW, WHAT D'YE THINK OF THAT?



It was windy and cold, Though Winter had fled,



And I hadn't a roof To cover my head.



So I went to the barber's, Right over the way,



And had my head shingled That very same day.

Mr. and Mrs. Softy, the Monks.



Alice Roosevelt Story.

A story is told of Alice Roosevelt Longworth when she was a little girl, showing that she had some experience of paternal sternness.

Her teacher at school had been inquiring for Mrs. Roosevelt, who was ill, and Alice answered, plaintively:

"She isn't much better yet. Yes, it's pretty hard. Papa stays at home most all the time, and that makes it dreadfully inconvenient."

"Why, how is that?"

"Oh, don't you see. He doesn't understand like mamma. When mamma tells me to be home at four o'clock, and I get there at half-past, she understands; but when papa says four, and I get there at even quarter past—"

doesn't understand at all!"

Good Verse for Calendar.

"Days of busy, busy hours,
Days of idling among flowers,
Days of joys and days of sorrows,
Dark todays and bright tomorrows;
Days of health and days of weakness,
All make up the year's completeness."

Saucy April.

Cloud! Shower! Rain! Hello!
You don't like my style, I know!
Yet prize the gift I bring—Ho! Ho!

Canine King.

If dogs should form an empire great,
As men do who are wiser,
I wonder would their Chief of State
Be called the Grand Kai-yi-er?
—John Kendrick Bangs.

Name Trick.

TRY this trick, boys and girls. Put down the year in which you were born, to this add four, then add the age you will be your next birthday if it occurs before January 1; otherwise, add the age you were your last birthday.

Multiply the result by 1000, deduct from this 684,23. Then substitute for the figures the corresponding letters of the alphabet—i. e., A for 1, B for 2, C for 3, etc.

First of May.

"Ho! the merrie first of May
Brings the dance and blossoms gale
To make of lye a holiday!"

The hostess should endeavor to invite only congenial people to a dinner. They need not necessarily be friends or even acquaintances, but should be of congenial minds. The success of a dinner depends upon a pleasant and sustained conversation, and if conversation flags frequently it is a proof that the guests are not congenial.

The revived popularity of the Tam O'Shanter, with the reported increased manufacture of this favorite headgear in the United States, has led Nottingham hosiery makers to put in extra machinery for its production.

The Blazed Trail

BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE

One man said nothing in the general discussion. It was his first winter in the woods, and plainly in the eyes of the veterans this experience did not count. It was a faute de mieux, in which one would give an honest day's work, and no more.

As has been hinted, even the inexperienced newcomer noticed the lack of enthusiasm of unity. Had he known the loyalty, devotion, and adoration that a thoroughly competent man wins from his "hands," the state of affairs would have seemed even more surprising. The lumber-jack will work sixteen, eighteen hours a day, sometimes up to the waist in water full of floating ice; sleep wet on the ground by a little fire; and then next morning will spring to work at daylight with an "Oh, no, not tired; just a little stiff, sir!" in cheerful reply to his master's inquiry,—for the right man! Only it must be a strong man,—with the strength of the wilderness in his eye.

JOHN EDGAR OF OROUOUD HILL, OROUOUD (Continued From Last Week.)

The next morning Radway transferred Molly and Jenny, with little Fabian Laveque and two of the younger men, to Pike Lake. There, earlier in the season, a number of pines had been felled out on the ice, cut in logs, and left in expectation of ice thick enough to bear the travoy "dray." Owing to the fact that the shores of Pike Lake were extremely precipitous, it had been impossible to travoy the logs up over the hill.

Radway had sounded carefully the thickness of the ice with an ax. Although the weather had of late been sufficiently cold for the time of year, the snow, as often happens, had fallen before the temperature. Under the warm white blanket, the actual freezing had been slight. However, there seemed to be at least eight inches of clear ice, which would suffice.

Some of the logs in question were found to be half imbedded in the ice. It became necessary first of all to free them. Young Henrys cut a strong bar six or eight feet long, while Pat McGuire chopped a hole alongside the log. Then one end of the bar was thrust into the hole, the logging chain fastened to the other; and, behold, a monster lever, whose fulcrum was the ice and whose power was applied by Molly, hitched to the end of the chain. In this simple manner a task was accomplished in five minutes which would have taken a dozen men an hour. When the log had been cat-a-cornered from its bed, the chain was fastened around one end by means of the ever-useful steel swamp-hook, and it was yanked across the dray. Then the travoy took its careful way across the ice to where a dip in the shore gave access to a skidway.

Our logs had thus been safely lifted. The fifth was on its journey across the lake. Suddenly without warning, and with scarcely a sound, both horses sank through the ice, which bubbled up around them and over their backs in irregular rotted pieces. Little Fabian Laveque shouted, and jumped down from his log. Pat McGuire and young Henrys came running.

The horses had broken through an air-hole, about which the ice was strong. Fabian had already seized Molly by the bit, and was holding her head easily above the water. "Kitch Jenny by dat he'll!" he cried to Pat.

Thus the two men, without exertion, sustained the noses of the team above the surface. The position demanded absolutely no haste, for it could have been maintained for a good hour. Molly and Jenny, their soft eyes full of the intelligence of the situation, rested easily in full confidence. But Pat and Henrys, new to this sort of emergency, were badly frightened and excited. To them the affair had come to a deadlock.

"Oh, Lord!" cried Pat, clinging desperately to Jenny's headpiece. "What will we do now? We can't niver hupl them two horses on the ice."

"Tak' de log-chain," said Fabian to Henrys, "an' tie him around de neck of Jenny."

Henrys, after much difficulty and nervous fumbling, managed to loosen the swamp-hook; and after much more difficulty and nervous fumbling succeeded in making it fast about the gray mare's neck. Fabian intended with this to choke the animal to that peculiar state when she would float like a balloon on the water, and two men could with ease draw her over the edge of the ice. Then the unexpected happened.

The instant Henrys had passed the end of the chain through the knot, Pat, possessed by some Hibernian notion that now all was fast, let go of the bit. Jenny's head at once went under, and the end of the logging chain glided over the ice and fell plump in the hole.

Immediately all was confusion. Jenny kicked and struggled, churning the water, throwing it about, kicking out in every direction. Once a horse's head dips strongly, the game is over. No animal drowns more quickly. The two young boys scrambled away, and French oaths could not induce them to approach Molly, still upheld by Fabian, looked at him piteously with her strange intelligent eyes, holding herself motionless and rigid with complete confidence in this master who had never failed her before. Fabian dug his

heels into the ice, but could not hang on. The drowning horse was more than a dead weight. Presently it became a question of letting or being dragged into the lake on top of the animals. With a sob the little Frenchman relinquished his hold. The water seemed slowly to rise and over-film the troubled look of pleading in Molly's eyes. "Assassins!" hissed Laveque at the two unfortunate youths. That was all.

When the surface of the water had again mirrored the clouds, they hauled the carcasses out on the ice and stripped the harness. Then they rolled the log from the dray, piled the tools on it, and took their way to camp. In the blue of the winter's sky was a single speck.

The speck grew. Soon it swooped. With a hoarse croak it lit on the snow at a wary distance, and began to strut back and forth. Presently, its suspicions at rest, the raven advanced, and with eager beak began its dreadful meal. By this time another, which had seen the first one's swoop, was in view through the ether; then another; then another. In an hour the brotherhood of ravens, thus telegraphically notified, was at feast.

CHAPTER VIII

Fabian Laveque elaborated the details of the catastrophe with volubility.

"He's not fenny dat she bre'k t'rough," he said. "I 'ave see dem bre'k t'rough two, t'ree tam in de day, but nevaire dat she get down! hees haid—sacre dieu! eet is so easy, to chok' dat cheval—she make me cry wit' de eye!"

"I suppose it was a good deal my fault," commented Radway, doubtfully shaking his head, after Laveque had left the office. "I ought to have been surer about the ice."

"Eight inches is a little light, with so much snow atop," remarked the scaler carelessly.

By virtue of that same careless remark, however, Radway was so convinced dose dam-foot can't tink wit' firm in his belief as to his own culpability that he quite overlooked Fabian's just contention—that the mere thinness of the ice was in reality no excuse for the losing of the horses. So Pat and Henrys were not discharged—were not instructed to "get their time." Fabian Laveque promptly demanded this.

"Sacre bleu!" said he to old Jackson. "I no work wid dat dam-foot dat no tink wit' hees haid."

This deprived the camp at once of a teamster and a team. When you reflect that one pair of horses takes care of the exertions of a crew of sawyers, several swamper, and three or four cant-hook men, you will readily see what a serious derangement their loss would cause. And besides, the animals themselves are difficult to replace. They are big strong beasts selected for their power, staying qualities, and intelligence, worth anywhere from three to six hundred dollars a pair. They must be shipped in from a distance. And, finally, they require a very careful and patient training before they are of value in co-operating with the nicely adjusted efforts necessary to place the sawlog where it belongs. Ready-trained horses are never for sale during the season.

Radway did his best. He took three days to search out a big team of farm horses. Then it became necessary to find a driver. After some deliberation he decided to advance Bob Stratton to the post, that "decker" having had more or less experience the year before. Erickson, the Swede, while not a star cant-hook man, was nevertheless sure and reliable. Radway placed him in Stratton's place. But now he must find a swamper. He remembered Thorpe.

So the young man received his first promotion toward the ranks of skilled labor. He gained at least a field of application for the accuracy he had so intelligently acquired while road-making, for now a false stroke marred a saw-log; and besides, what was more to his taste, he found himself near the actual scene of operation, at the front, as it were. He had under his very eyes the process as far as it had been carried.

In his experience here he made use of the same searching analytical observation that had so quickly taught him the secret of the ax-swing. He knew that each of the things he saw, no matter how trivial, was either premeditated or the product of chance. If premeditated, he tried to find out its reason for being. If fortuitous, he wished to know the fact, and always attempted to figure out the possibility of its elimination.

So he learned why and when the sawyers threw a tree up or down hill; how much small standing timber they tried to fell it through; what consideration held for the cutting of different lengths of log; how the timber was skillfully decked on the skids in such a manner that the pile should not bulge and fall, and so that the scaler could easily determine the opposite ends of the same log;—in short, a thousand and one little details which ordinarily a man learns only as the exigencies arise to call in experience. Here, too, he first realized he was in the firing line.

Thorpe had assigned him as bunk mate the young fellow who assisted Tom Broadhead in the felling. Henry Paul was a fresh-complexioned, clear-eyed, quick-mannered young fellow with an air of steady responsibility about him. He came from the southern part of the State, where, during the summer, he worked on a little homestead farm of his own.

After a few days he told Thorpe that he was married, and after a few days more he showed his bunk mate the photograph of a sweet-faced young woman who looked trustingly out of the picture.

"She's waitin' down there for me, and it ain't so very long till spring," said Paul wistfully. "She's the best little woman a man ever had, and there ain't nothin' too good for her, chummy!"

Thorpe, soul-sick after his recent experiences with the charity of the world, discovered a real pleasure in this fresh, clear passion. As he contemplated the abounding health, the upright carriage, the sparkling, bubbling spirits of the young woodsman, he could easily imagine the young girl and the young happiness, too big for a little backwoods farm.

Three days after the newcomer had started in at the swamping, Paul, during his early morning walk from camp to the scene of their operations, confided in him further.

"Got another letter, chummy," said he, "come in yesterday." "She tells me," he hesitated with a blush, and then a happy laugh, "that they ain't going to be only two of us—at the farm next year."

"You mean!" queried Thorpe. "Yes," laughed Paul, "and if it's a girl she gets named after her mother, you bet."

The men separated. In a moment Thorpe found himself waist-deep in the pitchy aromatic top of an old bull-sap, clipping away at the projecting branches. After a time he heard Paul's gay halloo.

"Timber!" came the cry, and then the swish-sh-sh—crash! of the tree's fall.

Thorpe knew that now either Hank or Tom must be climbing with the long measuring pole along the prostrate trunk, marking by means of shallow ax-clefs where the saw was to divide the logs. Then Tom shouted something unintelligible. The other men seemed to understand, however, for they dropped their work and ran hastily in the direction of the voice. Thorpe, after a moment's indecision, did the same. He arrived to find a group about a prostrate man. The man was Paul.

Two of the older woodsmen, kneeling, were conducting coolly a hasty examination. At the front every man is more or less of a surgeon.

"Is he hurt badly?" asked Thorpe; "what is it?"

"He's dead," answered one of the other men soberly.

With the skill of ghastly practice some of them wove a litter on which the body was placed. The pathetic little procession moved in the solemn, inscrutable forest.

When the tree had fallen it had crashed through the top of another, leaving suspended in the branches of the latter a long heavy limb. A slight breeze dislodged it. Henry Paul was impaled as by a javelin.

This is the chief of the many perils of the woods. Like crouching pumas the instruments of a man's destruction poise on the spring, sometimes for days. Then swiftly, silently, the leap is made. It is a danger unavoidable, terrible, ever-present.

Thorpe was destined in time to see men crushed and mangled in a hundred ingenious ways by the saw log, knocked into space and a violent death by the butts of trees, ground to powder in the mill of a jam, but never would he be more deeply impressed than by this ruthless silent taking of a life. The forces of nature are so tame, so simple, so obedient; and in the next instant so absolutely beyond human control or direction, so whirlingly contemptuous of puny human effort, that in time the wilderness shrouds itself to our eyes in the same impenetrable mystery as the sea.

That evening the camp was unusually quiet. Tallier let his fiddle hang. After supper Thorpe was approached by Purdy, the reptilian red-head with whom he had had the row some evenings before.

"You in, chummy?" he asked in a quiet voice. "It's a five apiece for Hank's woman."

"Yes," said Thorpe.

The men were earning from twenty to thirty dollars a month. They had, most of them, never seen Hank Paul before this autumn. He had not, mainly because of his modest disposition, enjoyed an extraordinary degree of popularity. Yet these strangers cheerfully, as a matter of course, gave up the proceeds of a week's hard work, and that without expecting the slightest personal credit. The money was sent "from the boys." Thorpe later read a heart-broken letter of thanks to the unknown benefactors. It touched him deeply, and he suspected the other men of the same emotions, but by that time they had regained the independent, self-contained poise of the frontiersman. They read it with unmoved faces, and tossed it aside with a more than ordinarily rough joke or oath. Thorpe understood their reticence. It was a part of his own nature. He felt more than ever akin to these men.

As swamper he had more or less to do with a cant-hook in helping the teamsters roll the end of the log on the little "dray." He soon caught the knack. Towards Christmas he had become a fairly efficient cant-hook man, and was helping roll the great sticks of timber up the slanting skids. Thus always intelligence counts, especially that rare intellectual and the minutely observing.

On Sundays Thorpe fell into the habit of accompanying old Jackson Hines on his hunting expeditions. The ancient had been raised in the woods. He seemed to know by in-

stinct the haunts and habits of all the wild animals, just as he seemed to know by instinct when one of his horses was likely to be troubled by the colic. His woodcraft was really remarkable.

So the two would stand for hours in the early morning and late evening waiting for deer on the edges of the swamps. They haunted the runways during the middle of the day. On soft moccasined feet they stole about in the evening with a bull's-eye lantern fastened on the head of one of them for a "jack." Several times they surprised the wolves, and shone the animals' eyes like the shattered embers of a camp fire.

Thorpe learned to shoot at a deer's shoulder rather than his heart, how to tell when the animal had sustained a mortal wound from the way it leaped and the white of its tail. He even made progress in the difficult matches his senses against those of the creatures of the forest,—and art of still hunting, where the man sometimes wins. He soon knew better than to cut the animal's throat, and learned from Hines that a single stab at a certain point of the chest was much better for the purpose of bleeding. And, what is more, he learned not to over-shoot down hill.

Besides these things Jackson taught him many other, minor, details of woodcraft. Soon the young man could interpret the thousands of signs, so insignificant in appearance and so important in reality, which told the history of the woods. He acquired the knack of winter fishing.

These Sundays were perhaps the most nearly perfect of any of the days of that winter. In them the young man drew more directly face to face with the wilderness. He called a truce with the enemy; and in return that great inscrutable power poured into his heart a portion of her grandeur. His ambition grew; and, as always with him, his determination became the greater and the more secret. In proportion as his ideas increased, he took greater pains to shut them in from expression. For failure in great things would bring keener disappointment than failure in little.

He was getting just the experience and the knowledge he needed; but that was about all. His wages were twenty-five dollars a month, which his van bill would reduce to the double eagle. At the end of the winter he would have but a little over a hundred dollars to show for his season's work, and this could mean at most only fifty dollars for Helen. But the future was his. He saw now more plainly what he had dimly perceived before, that for the man who buys timber, and logs it well, a sure future is waiting. And in this camp he was beginning to learn from failure the conditions of success.

CHAPTER IX

They finished cutting on section seventeen during Thorpe's second week. It became necessary to begin on section fourteen, which lay two miles to the east. In that direction the character of the country changed somewhat.

The pine there grew thicker on isolated "islands" of not more than an acre or so in extent,—little knolls rising from the level of a marsh. In ordinary conditions nothing would have been easier than to have ploughed roads across the frozen surface of this marsh. The peculiar state of the weather interposed tremendous difficulties.

tered the smoker of the train, shak-

The early part of autumn had been characterized by a heavy snow-fall immediately after a series of mild days. A warm blanket of some thickness thus overlaid the earth, effectually preventing the freezing which subsequent cold weather would have caused. All the season Radway had contended with this condition. Even in the woods, muddy swamp and spring-holes caused endless difficulty and necessitated a great deal of "corduroying," or the laying of poles side by side to form an artificial bottom. Here in the open some six inches of water and unlimited mud awaited the first horse that should break through the layer of snow and thin ice. Between each pair of islands a road had to be "tramped."

Thorpe and the rest were put at this disagreeable job. All day long they had to walk mechanically back and forth on diagonals between the marks set by Radway with his snowshoes. Early in the morning their feet were wet by icy water, for even the light weight of a man sometimes broke the frozen skin of the marsh. By night a road of trampled snow, of greater or less length, was marked out across the expanse. Thus the blanket was thrown back from the warm earth, and thus the cold was given a chance at the water beneath. In a day or so the road would bear a horse. A bridge of ice had been artificially constructed, on either side of which lay unsounded depths. This road was indicated by a row of fir sticks in the snow on either side.

It was very cold. All day long the restless wind swept across the shivering surface of the plains, and tore around the corners of the islands. The big woods are as good as an overcoat. The overcoat had been taken away.

When the lunch-sleigh arrived, the men huddled shivering in the lee of the knolls, and tried to eat with benumbed fingers before a fire that was but a mockery. Often it was nearly dark before their work had warmed them again. All of the skidways had to be placed on the edges of the islands themselves, and the fogs had to be travoyed over the steep little knolls. A single mis-

step out on to the plain meant a mired horse. Three times heavy snows obliterated the roads, so that they had to be ploughed out before the men could go to work again. It was a struggle.

Radway was evidently worried. He often paused before a gang to inquire how they were "making it." He seemed afraid they might wish to quit, which was indeed the case, but he should never have taken before them any attitude but that of absolute confidence in their intentions. His anxiety was natural, however. He realized the absolute necessity of skidding and hauling this job before the heavy choking snows of the latter part of January should make it impossible to keep the roads open. So insistent was this necessity that he had seized the first respite in the phenomenal snow-fall of the early autumn to begin work. The cutting in the woods could wait.

Left to themselves probably the men would never have dreamed of objecting to whatever privations the task carried with it. Radway's anxiety for their comfort, however, caused them finally to imagine that perhaps they might have some just grounds for complaint after all. That is a great trait of the lumber-jack.

But Dyer, the scaler, finally caused the outbreak. Dyer was an efficient enough man in his way, but he loved his own ease. His habit was to stay in his bunk of mornings until well after daylight. To this there could be no objection—except on the part of the cook, who was supposed to attend to his business himself—for the scaler was active in his work, when once he began it, and could keep up with the skidding. But now he displayed a strong antipathy to the north wind on the plains. Of course he could not very well shirk the work entirely, but he did a good deal of talking on the very cold mornings.

"I don't pose for no tough son-of-a-gun," said he to Radway, "and I've got some respect for my ears and feet. She'll warm up a little by tomorrow, and perhaps the wind'll die. I can catch up on you fellows by hustling a little, so I guess I'll stay in and work on the books today."

"All right," Radway assented, a little doubtfully.

This happened perhaps two days out of the week. Finally Dyer hung out a thermometer, which he used to consult. The men saw it, and consulted it too. At once they felt much colder.

"She was stan' ten below," sputtered Baptiste Tellier, the Frenchman who played the fiddle. "He freeze t'rou to hees enside. Dat is too cole for mak' de work."

"Them plains is sure a holy fright," assented Purdy.

"Th' old man knows it himself," agreed big Nolan; "did you see him rammin' around yesterday askin' us if we found her too cold? He knows damn well he ought not to keep a man out that sort o' weather."

"You'd shiver like a dog in a briar path on a warm day in July," said Hines contemptuously.

"Shut up!" said they. "You're barn-boss. You don't have to be out in th' cold."

—This was true. So Jackson's intervention went for a little worse than nothing.

"It ain't lak' he has nuttin' besides," went on Baptiste. "He can mak' de cut in the meedle of de fores'."

"That's right," agreed Bob Stratton, "they's the west half of eight ain't been cut yet."

So they sent a delegation to Radway. Big Nolan was the spokesman. "Boss," said he bluntly, "she's too cold to work on them plains today. She's the coldest day we had."

Radway was too old a hand at the business to make any promises on the spot.

"I'll see, boys," said he.

When the breakfast was over the crew were set to making skidways and travoy roads on eight. This was a precedent. In time the work on the plains was grumblingly done in any weather. However, as to this Radway proved firm enough. He was a good fighter when he knew he was being imposed upon. A man could never cheat or defy him openly without collecting a little war that left him surprised at the jobber's belligerency. The doubtful cases, those on the subtle line of indecision, found him weak. He could be so easily persuaded that he was in the wrong. At times it even seemed that he was anxious to be proved at fault, so eager was he to catch fairly the justice of the other man's attitude. He held his men inexorably and firmly to their work on the indisputably comfortable days; but gave in often when an able-bodied woodsman should have seen in the weather no inconvenience, even. As the days slipped by, however, he tightened the reins. Christmas was approaching. An easy mathematical computation reduced the question of completing his contract with Morrison & Daly to a certain weekly quota. In fact he was surprised at the size of it. He would have to work diligently and steadily during the rest of the winter.

Having thus a definite task to accomplish in a definite number of days, Radway grew to be more of a taskmaster. His anxiety as to the completion of the work overlaid his morbidly sympathetic human interest. Thus he regained to a small degree the respect of his men. Then he lost it again.

One morning he came in from a talk with the supply-teamster, and woke Dyer, who was not yet up.

(To be continued.)

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25 per cent. off
or a quarter off all
Men's, Youth's
and
Boy's Clothing



8 Men's Suits at \$8.25
go at \$6.20.
6 Men's Suits at \$9.00,
go at \$6.75.
13 Men's Suits at \$10,
go at \$7.50.
9 Men's Suits at \$13.50,
go at \$10.15.
7 Men's suits at \$15, go
at \$11.25.
13 Boys' Suits at \$4, go
at \$3.
7 Boys' Suits at \$4.50,
go at \$3.35.
5 Boys' Suits at \$5, go
at \$3.75.

20 per cent. off
All Boots and
Shoes

20 per cent. off all
Dry Goods,
etc., etc.

We still have a few ends
of Fancy Muslins, Or-
gandies, Dimities,
which were 35c and 40c.
Sale price, 25c per yd.

20 per cent off
All Gent's
Furnishings

\$1 Men's Soft Neglige
Shirts, go at 80c.
\$1 Men's White Duck or
Nett, go at 80c.
\$1.25 soft Neglige
Shirts, go at \$1.
\$1.50 Soft Neglige
Shirts, go at \$1.20
\$1 Balbriggan Under-
wear, go at 80c per
suit.
\$1.50 Balbriggan Under-
wear, go at 1.20 per
suit.
20c Men's black or tan
cotton Sox, go at 15c
per pair.
25c Merino Sox, go at
20c per pair.
35c Men's black Cash-
mere Sox, go at 28c
per pair.
45c Natural Wool Sox,
go at 36c per pair.
50c Men's Silk Fore in
Hand Ties, go at 40c.
40c silk ditto go at 32c.

Special to Clear
Men's \$2.50, \$2.75 and
3.00 soft Felt Hats, all
colors, go for \$2.00
Genuine J. B. Stetson
Cowboy Hats. Sale
price only \$3.60.

These discounts are allowed for Cash only. The Sale is
genuine and all our goods are marked in plain figures.

The Kelowna Outfitting Store

The Store of the Stylish Shoe.

W. B. M. CALDER, Proprietor.

Carruthers & Pooley,

Real Estate and Insurance Agents.

Kelowna, - B. C.

Notarial Work and Conveyancing. Fruit,
Farm and Residential Lands for sale.

Life Insurance. Mutual Life of Canada.

Fire Insurance. Queen Insurance Co., Guardian
Assurance Co, Sun Assurance Co.

Accident Insurance. The Canadian Casualty Co.,
Protection to bread-winners against loss
by disease or accident, at the lowest rates.

Job Printing

We want your orders for printing of all descriptions,
from posters to envelopes.

We base our prices on a modest margin of profit;
we cannot and do not attempt to compete with Timothy
Eaton's eastern prices as we pay decent wages and use
the best of materials; but if you order Timothy's sta-
tionery by express, 15c a lb. toll to the Dominion Ex-
press Co. will make you wish you had dealt at home.

Please get estimates from us before ordering
elsewhere.

The Courier Office

KELOWNA, B.C.

M. J. HENRY'S

Nurseries and Seedhouse.

Large stock of HOME-GROWN
Fruit and Ornamental Trees now
matured for the fall trade.

No expense, loss or delay of fumiga-
tion or inspection.

Headquarters for Pacific Coast grown
Garden, Field, and Flower Seeds in
season.

BEE SUPPLIES, Spray Pumps,
Whale Oil Soap, Greenhouse Plants,
Cut Flowers, Bulbs for Fall planting.

We do business on our own grounds—
no rent to pay and are prepared to
meet all competition.

Let me price your list before placing
your order.

Catalogue free.

M. J. HENRY,

3010 Westminster Rd., Vancouver, B.C.

FOR SALE.

A Hall's Safe, 16 x 18 x 21, quite new.

Apply to J. W. Wilks,

Kelowna.

49-2t

Kelowna Brick Works

LARGE STOCK OF

A. 1. BRICKS

Are on the market. Builders
and contractors who have already
used the brick pronounce the ma-
terial first class. We are in a
position to supply orders from all
points. Estimates for buildings
cheerfully given. Samples of the
brick may be seen at the stores in
town.

HARVEY & COMPANY.

FOR SALE

Two choice calving heifers from gentle stock; Two
Lincoln Ram Lambs from registered ewes; 1
Double Breasted Fow; 1 Lady's Saddle; 1 gentle-
man's English Saddle. Apply,

G. E. Boyer, Kelowna.

7-4

LOCAL NEWS.—Continued.

BORN.—To the wife of Mr.
Frank Small, on July 13, a
daughter.

Mr. R. N. Dundas, of Shorts'
Point, is having a fine 22 ft. hull
built by Mr. Lysons, which will
be fitted with the powerful en-
gine belonging to the launch he
lately purchased from Mr. Mc-
Mullen, of Shorts' Point, and the
hull of which he has sold to Mr.
Lysons.

Up to the time of going to press,
no meeting has been held this
week of the city council. The
city fathers cannot be blamed
very much for shirking their
duties once in a while with the
temperature of their meeting
room like a Turkish bath, but we
would humbly point out that
their agonies would be consider-
ably shortened if they adhered
to parliamentary procedure,
spoke to the subject and did not
let the discussion wander to
every point of the compass and
every topic that ever has been or
will be discussed.

From a recent issue of the
Manitoba Free Press we clip the
following:

"Rev. J. Ball, the well known
graduate of Manitoba College,
and a former Y. M. C. A. secre-
tary in the city, spent a couple of
days in the city during the week.
Mr. Ball is now living privately
at Kelowna, B.C. After leaving
Manitoba college he spent two
years as minister of the Presby-
terian church in Okotoks, Alber-
ta, and was subsequently at work
in other charges in the province.
He speaks in high terms of the
fruit growing value of the Okan-
agan valley, where a very heavy
yield is anticipated this year.
On the way west Mr. Ball will
visit friends in Souris, Calgary
and Lethbridge."

The concert given by Misses
McCoy and Underhill on Wed-
nesday evening was fairly well
attended, over a hundred persons
being present. The warmth of
the night made confinement in a
room decidedly irksome and de-
tracted from the enjoyment of
the entertainment. The audi-
ence evidently appreciated the
efforts of the performers, as
nearly every item on the pro-
gramme was encored. Miss
Annie Reekie efficiently acted as
accompanist. The Rev. Mr.
Herdman introduced the artistes,
and closed the proceedings by
thanking those present for their
attendance and their behaviour,
which was better than on pre-
vious similar occasions.

There was trouble in town last
week with drunken Indians, one
of whom was locked up for 24
hours. In the absence of a J. P.,
Mayor Raymer being out of
town, City Constable Brent had
to release the prisoner, who
would have been a valuable wit-
ness against the white men who
gave him liquor and against whom
more serious charges possibly
would have been laid. We have
already drawn attention in these
columns to the necessity of hav-
ing a police magistrate for the
city, with small debts court
jurisdiction, but the Council, for
some reason, will take no action.
The city constable has very little
encouragement to do his duty if
there is no magistrate in town to
hear cases, and it cannot be said
that justice is being efficiently
administered when there is only
one resident J. P. To provide
for contingencies, the provincial
government should be asked to
appoint an additional justice, a
police magistrate, and to estab-
lish a small debts court. There
are no obstacles in the way other
than the curious slackness of
the Council in taking the initiative.

6% PEOPLE'S STORE

MONSTER Summer Sale

We are at present receiving large consignments of
Fall Goods, and in order to make room for same
we are offering some great bargains for the next
twenty days.

One Third off

All fancy Muslins, Gingham, Waists, etc., etc.

One Third off

All hats, caps and ladies' straws. Come in and see
our monster bargain counter of men's summer shirts

20 per cent off

All men's and boys' suits, these goods are all new
and up-to-date, prices marked in plain figures.

This is a genuine clearing sale.

Thomas Lawson.

Headquarters for the Economical Buyer

STIRLING & PITCAIRN

We offer three cents per lb. for Peach Plums.

We offer four cents per lb. for Alexander Peaches.

We offer one and three-quarter cents per lb. for
Yellow Transparent Apples.

These fruits nearly ready to pick.

We offer one and three-quarter cents per lb. for
Red Astrachan and other early summer apples.

Note.—These ready to pick about a week later.

He is Amused.

KELOWNA, B.C.

July 18th, 1906.

To the Editor,
Courier.

Dear Sir,

On my own behalf and that of
any strangers who may have
been present at the concert given
in Raymer's Hall, July 17th, I
wish to publicly thank the Rev.
A. W. K. Herdman for the praise
bestowed on us by him for our
good behaviour whilst part of a
Kelowna audience. Judging by
the reverend gentleman's utter-
ances, Kelowna audiences must
be very unmannerly, and no
doubt their good behaviour on
the evening of the 17th inst. was
due to the presence of the stran-
gers, who must have exerted a
beneficial influence on the na-
tives.

I remain,

Yours truly,

AN AMUSED STRANGER.

The Show Prize List.

To the Editor,

Kelowna Courier.

Sir,

This is a slight reminder to
those gentlemen who have so
kindly consented to act on the
directorship of the Kelowna Ag-
ricultural Society for this year, to
hurry up, and not leave until the
last moment, the publishing of
the Prize List and Sports Pro-
gramme.

How can they expect those
engaged in fruit-raising to store
away fruit for the show, unless
fully acquainted with all particu-
lars, and the same applies to the
sports?

Seeing the eminent names
which figure on this committee,
I trust they will give true local
sportsmen time to prepare, so
they are not obliged to make en-
tries at the last minute, like
some pot-hunters, who are so
evident in this country.

I am,

Yours obediently,

J. L. PRIDHAM.

Fruit Land for Sale

On LONG LAKE.

30 ACRES of finest bottom land
on Wood's Lake (south part
of Long Lake). About 10
acres in meadow, 4 acres cleared and
the balance lightly timbered. Lake
frontage, magnificent situation. 2½
miles from Okanagan Lake, all under
irrigation and level.

\$75.00 per acre Cash.

Apply to

R. CHATTERTON

46-4t

Okanagan Landing

J. S. REEKIE,

Real Estate, Money to
Loan, Fire Insurance,
Life Insurance, Acci-
dent and Sickness In-
surance, Plate Glass
Insurance, Notary
Public.

Coal Oil Engines

Superior to Gasoline.
Safe, reliable and economical.
No electric sparking devices to get
out of order.

Stationary engines for pumping and
all power purposes.
Marine engines for launches and
boats of all kinds.

Go to the Courier Office on Thurs-
days and see our 2 h.p. in operation.
Write us for prices and particulars.

Rochussen & Collis,

7 Yates Street, Victoria, B. C.

BEEES FOR SALE.

We have several strong swarms of Italian Bees
at \$5 and \$10 per swarm. Hives \$5 each, extra to
cost of swarm.

D. E. Gellatly & Sons,

Gellatly, B.C.

47-4t

LOST

A small gold safety pin brooch with pearl cres-
cent, between Lakeview Hotel and Mr. DuMoulin's
house. Reward on return to Courier office.

50-1t

Subscribe for the
Courier, \$1 a year.